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REVIEWS

Materials for the History of Britain. Vol. I.
Longman & Co.

Owing to the extraordinary manner in which this work has issued from the press, we take it for granted that few of our readers are aware that the first volume of a collection of authorities on British history which has been many years in preparation and on which some thousands of public money have been expended is now accessible by purchase. So far as we collect, it has not been advertised; not one of our literary contemporaries has hitherto noticed it,—perhaps for the very simple reason that Government have not thought proper to secure the publicity of the work by distributing copies among the reviews. We understand, indeed, that it has been presented to a few libraries which can hardly be termed public,—as those of the universities and the law corporations: a copy, too, we may presume has been sent to the library of the British Museum,—but there, according to the present system of management, it will not be accessible to the reader for a year or two to come.—It is competent, of course, to the Government to adopt a plan of publication which is unusual in the *trade*, and by consequence to allow a costly work to fall still-born from the press; but we doubt whether the public will consider it a fair mode of treating a book executed at the public expense. With these remarks, we shall proceed to give a succinct account of the origin and character of this publication.

Down to the year 1823 the ancient English historians and chronicles which had been published in England and on the Continent amounted to about one hundred and fifty,—filling some twenty volumes in folio, and thirty others mostly in octavo. All these publications abound with defects and errors of the most glaring kind. In many instances manuscripts of inferior value were used because they happened to be the only ones known to the respective editors,—and these manuscripts were often inaccurately transcribed for the press; thus the names of persons and places were so metamorphosed as scarcely to be intelligible,—and faulty chronology remained unnoticed. These and other inaccuracies disfigure the publications of all the old editors,—as Savile, Twysden, Gale, Wats and Hearne. Besides the unsatisfactory state of the text in the various early editions of our monkish historians, much inconvenience arises from the scattered forms in which they at present exist. In the confusion to which our annals are apparently doomed, we scarcely know what we already possess, what is new, or what is a repetition of that which has been already printed. Even skilful editors are often misled by this confusion:—thus Hearne published a chronicle of Edward the Third as new and unedited before, although it had been printed by his contemporary Hall only nine years previously. More recently Dr. Giles published a chronicle as unique and unprinted, whereas it had been twice printed from different manuscripts by Dr. Gale and by Eccard. The perplexity of both editors and students has latterly been increased rather than diminished by the activity of printing societies like the Roxburgh, the Bannatyne, and the Maitland Clubs, whose works are not generally available to the student; for, although by the liberality of those societies copies are deposited in some of the great public libraries, the respective publications are not specially announced.

At the end of the last century the industrious

John Pinkerton made an attempt to collect and publish the national historians of the middle ages. His letters on the subject published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* led the historian Gibbon to co-operate with him in his undertaking. The comprehensive and powerful address of the latter introducing the plan to the public notice is well known:—unfortunately Gibbon died on the very day their joint prospectus was to have appeared, and the project was abandoned. No attempt was made to carry out the scheme of Pinkerton and Gibbon until the years 1818 and 1819; when Earl Spencer and other noblemen and gentlemen held meetings to consider “the expediency of adopting measures for the publication of a national collection of materials for the history of Britain.”

The result was, a determination to bring the design under the notice of Government through the Earl of Liverpool; and the late Mr. Petrie, then keeper of the Records in the Tower, was requested to draw up a plan for collecting and publishing the historical muniments of the kingdom extending from the earliest notices of the island to the death of Henry the Seventh. The too famous Record Commission was in full play at this time; and to that board Mr. Petrie addressed, in 1821, an outline of his plan, which was forwarded to and approved by Government in the following year,—when the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved an address of the House to the Crown, praying that His Majesty “would be graciously pleased to give such directions as His Majesty in his wisdom may think fit for the publication of a complete edition of the ancient historians of this realm; and that this House begs leave to assure His Majesty that whatever expense may be necessary for this purpose will be made good by this House.” This address having been unanimously voted, the Commissioners on the Public Records were directed by Government to carry the plan into effect.

Here it may be remarked that a fatal mistake was committed at the very outset of the work—in referring it to the Record Commissioners. We believe the truth to be, that this most inefficient board never interfered in the matter until many years afterwards:—that is to say, never attempted to exercise any control over Mr. Petrie, who proceeded with his collections, reporting progress annually to the Treasury,—not to the Commissioners. When the board was on the eve of dissolution it asserted a right to interfere:—the result was a squabble which ended in the suspension of the work and, it is said, thereby accelerated the death of the editor.

The work was commenced in May 1823. With Mr. Petrie as chief editor were associated the Rev. John Sharpe, the translator of William of Malmesbury, and the Rev. W. Conybeare:—the latter gentleman, however, was prevented from undertaking any portion of the labour. That the selection of the chief editor was most judiciously made is beyond doubt. The greater part of his life had been devoted to the critical study of our ancient historical writers, his general reading was extensive, and he may be truly said to have been a variously accomplished person. His ability as a draughtsman was more than respectable—an important qualification in the editor of a work destined to contain accurate representations of numerous monuments of antiquity. He has been often accused of unnecessarily delaying the appearance of any portion of the collection,—but without reason, if we regard the magnitude of the undertaking. The present volume, commenced in 1823 and published in 1848, was not so long in preparation, if the period—twelve years—during

which it was suspended, be deducted, as the first volume of the great collection of the historians of France, which was begun in 1723 but not published before 1738. In order, however, better to estimate the time and labour required, it will be necessary to examine the plan of the work.

The plan of Pinkerton and Gibbon, as well as that of Mr. Petrie, was founded mainly on that pursued in France by the Benedictines in the great work just mentioned, the ‘Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France.’ Mr. Petrie, however, introduced some points of difference to which we shall presently refer. His broad proposition was—

“That all the ancient evidences relating to Britain, whether printed or in manuscript, domestic or foreign, should be collected, the genuine separated from the spurious or interpolated, and original writers from abbreviators or transcribers, so that all information might be traced back as far as practicable to its original source, and all mere compilation rejected: that the text of each author should be taken from the best manuscripts extant, and carefully collated with the more important existing manuscripts, and that all variations should be placed in notes at the foot of each page: that no liberty, however slight, should be taken with, or abridgment made in, original matter: that, whenever a writer, in copying a preceding one, had made any addition, or alteration in, the words of the author from whom he was compiling, such additions or alterations should be given in notes at the foot of the text of the original writer: and that critical and explanatory notes should be added, together with complete indices and glossaries.”

These ancient evidences the editor classed under fourteen heads:—1. Excerpts from the Greek and Roman writers relating to Britain; 2. Copies of all Inscriptions found on marble or stone containing names of places or of officers connected with Britain; 3. General Histories, Chronicles, and Annals of England, whether written by Englishmen or by foreigners; 4. Histories of particular Monasteries; 5. Lives and Biographies of celebrated men and saints; 6. Miracles of Saints; 7. Letters; 8. Charters, Papal Bulls, and other Diplomatic writings; 9. Proceedings of Councils and Synods; 10. Laws; 11. Historical poems; 12. Miscellanea or Remnants of History; 13. Coins and Medals; 14. Seals.

The proposed details of execution are thus described by the present editor:—

“It may be here observed, as applicable to the whole, that in making selections, whether from general or particular histories, lives, miracles, charters, miscellanea, or seals, Mr. Petrie deemed it advisable to be more comprehensive in his selections during the period anterior to the Norman Invasion, when materials of every kind are comparatively scanty and proportionably valuable, than afterwards, when materials become more abundant; and that at all times the existence of a doubt whether a particular piece ought to be retained, afforded sufficient ground for admitting it into the collection. Mr. Petrie proposed to distribute the materials thus collected into periods arranged chronologically, according to the order of time in which each piece was written, but where this was impracticable, according to the time when each piece begins. Thus, in the period anterior to the Conquest, such matter as would be taken from Florence of Worcester would precede that derived from Simeon of Durham, and Simeon's history would stand before that of Henry of Huntingdon. But when a work ends during a given period, but does not begin in it, it would be right to place it in the collection according to such termination. Mr. Petrie considered it essential to his plan, that, if possible, an author should be comprised in a single volume, but when that was impossible, that then all his original matter should be found in one volume; and in no case should any author's work be divided more than once, or run into more than two volumes of the collection. This portion of

Mr. Petrie's plan, the length of his periods, differs essentially from that of Dom Bouquet, whose periods of division are so very short as to cause much dissatisfaction and opposition in France, as well as in England. Mr. Petrie also proposed to give a chronological table of events at the end of each period, and, when any doubt or difficulty existed as to the exact year in which any event happened, to specify the various years which different authors have assigned to it, so that the reader might use his own discretion by either adopting or rejecting the date assigned in the chronological table framed by the editor."

Prima facie, this cutting-up of the narratives of various writers into fragments appears highly objectionable; and in Bouquet's work the system is carried out to a most offensive and perplexing extent. But in truth we are not, for critical purposes, to consider the works of mediæval annalists as independent and homogeneous compositions. The conditions under which the monastic authors wrote have scarcely any analogy in the history of literature. If these works at all resembled those of classical or modern times there would be little difficulty in dealing with them,—but no such resemblance exists. The clerical annalist of the middle-ages is generally no more than the chronicler or the scribe of his house,—of the events which concerned it and the Order; often he is no better than a continuator or interpolator; and frequently he is a mere transcriber of the works of his predecessors, which he incorporates with his own additions without alteration and without acknowledgment. Thus it is simply because compilers were more numerous in mediæval times than original writers, that we find the same work reproduced over and over again with little perceptible difference, although under another name,—or with the addition of a few original facts, which are easily detected, and may be as easily detached from the original matter to which they are agglomerated. When it is considered that almost every monastic establishment about to commence a history adopted as its basis some popular chronicle, such as Bede's or that of Marianus Scotus, into which the deputed annalists introduced a notice or account of the foundation of its house, the obituary of its patrons, local affairs and local incidents of a striking character, with dates of grants and charters, and sometimes copies of such instruments,—the amount of repetition may be easily conceived. A chronicle so interpolated would bear the name of the place where it was written or preserved; it might be named from Ely, Abingdon, or Worcester,—yet it would be the same work in the main, one copy differing from another only in the character of the local additions. It would be unpardonable to consider, much more so to print, each as a distinct work. Such being the state of the case, it does seem that the power of retrenching and subdividing such works may be fairly intrusted to a judicious and critical editor:—in fact, such power was exercised by some of the ablest of our old editors. Thus, the conscientious Archbishop Parker in his edition of Matthew Paris omitted all that preceded the Norman Conquest; Dr. Gale did the same in the first volume of his collection; and Henry Wharton in his eminently valuable 'Anglia Sacra' exercised a far larger discretion in rejecting useless repetitions and superfluities. Besides Dom Bouquet, other continental editors have followed the same plan—as Mabillon, Du Chesne, and, more recently, Dr. Pertz. In conclusion, there seems to be no valid objection to dividing a chronicle so that portions of it may be found under the respective eras into which it is convenient to divide the general collection. Facts are all that the reader seeks in such a corpus as Bouquet's or the present; and if such facts

are presented in due order of time, it matters little whether they are to be found in the first or in the third volume of the collection. One very beneficial result must follow such a critical analysis of our early annalists as is implied in the prosecution of the work before us: the relative value of our monkish writers will be easily appreciable,—and we shall have no more historians confounding authorities, like Hume, who for the history of the reign of Edward the Confessor cites indifferently the Saxon Chronicle and Ralph Higden, Florence of Worcester, William of Malmesbury, and Matthew of Westmonaster.

To proceed with the history of the work.—

"Notwithstanding several embarrassing difficulties, the work steadily proceeded until the year 1832, when it was interrupted by Mr. Petrie's severe illness; and after the whole of the text of the present volume had been prepared, and a large collection of materials for other volumes had been made, it was suspended in August 1835 by order of the then Commissioners on the Public Records, owing to a misunderstanding which had arisen between Mr. Petrie and the Commissioners; nor had this misunderstanding been removed when the Record Commission expired by efflux of time, after the decease of his late Majesty King William the Fourth."

Because the Commissioners could not recover the debt, it may be presumed, which they had created by their wholesale production of works which, with a few honourable exceptions, are all but useless,—they chose to seize an opportunity of retrenchment by suspending, *sine die*, the only great literary undertaking which the government of this country had ever been induced to sanction. The same Board which expended thousands in ransacking foreign archives and copying documents of which imitations already existed at home, could no longer tolerate the further annual expenditure of a few hundreds on a work which was *not*, like most of their enterprises, one of supererogation. —But, as we have already pointed out, a grave error was committed in ever allowing the Commissioners to exercise any control over it.

After a suspension of twelve years Government determined to complete the first volume. Mr. Petrie died without bequeathing any decisive plan for the general Introduction:—indeed, he left but scanty materials for it. Under these circumstances, the task of finishing the volume was committed to Mr. Thomas Duffus Hardy, one of the assistant keepers of the Records,—already favourably known by his elaborate editions of the 'Close and Charter Rolls,' as well as by his edition of 'William of Malmesbury' printed for the English Historical Society. As critical essays, Mr. Hardy's 'General Introduction,'—his 'Preface' on the contents of the volume, and the sources whence they are derived,—and his 'Introductory Remarks on the Chronology of the Mediæval Historians,' may be commended to general approbation, as remarkable exceptions to the perfunctory style in which so many antiquarian discussions are conducted in the present age.

Here the question arises:—Is this work to be continued? We cannot doubt that it will. Already we are behind the French, Germans, Danes and Swedes in national collections of this description, and unless a push be at once made we are likely to continue so. However respectable the labours of the English Historical Society, we fear the constitution of that body and the limited extent of its income will preclude it from rendering much effectual service to the cause of historical literature. Four only of the works which it has published since 1835 can be regarded as the addition of anything new to our ancient stores:—how many may be in preparation we know not. The archaeological societies appear to have altogether eschewed historical

inquiries; and little has been done in that way late by the Camden Society,—from which much might reasonably have been expected. At any rate, the continuation of a work like the present is beyond the reach of every existing literary association, and can only be secured by the steady support of the Government which first called it into existence; and for this purpose we should think a small annual grant would be sufficient, and not likely to meet with much objection even in these times of financial reform.

Mr. Petrie's plan has already undergone some changes since it was first published, which will materially decrease the bulk of the work. Thus, the Anglo-Saxon and Welch laws, which were intended to form part of this collection, have been published as separate and distinct works, edited respectively by Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Anenir Owen; and the whole of the Charter Rolls from the year 1199 to 1216 have been printed at the public cost. It is true that besides these royal charters there are others of the greatest importance which should be included in the collection; viz. the charters of individuals between the period of the Conquest and the close of the twelfth century,—documents that throw more light on the progress of society during a period of which we possess but superficial information than all the chronicles put together. A selection from the mass of those existing, dispersed over the country, should be formed.—To conclude, generally agreeing with the plan laid down by Mr. Petrie, it is still our opinion that it might be simplified by arranging all the materials under four heads—Chronicles, Biographies, Letters and Charters (Diplomata), and Metrical Pieces. We do not like the look of the life of a saint in juxtaposition with a contemporary chronicle, or of a poetical rhapsody beside a grave narrative or still more solemn charter. These objections we doubt not will be fully provided against by the learned editor:—to whom we offer our thanks for what he has done, and our good wishes in the probable prosecution of his work.

Evelyn; or, a Journey from Stockholm to Rome in 1847-8. By Miss Bunbury. 2 vols. Bentley.

We find on opening this odd book a picture of the Swedish metropolis in summer, so bright and clever as to be worth extracting.

"In summer there is no night here: the invisible sun has left its light when its beams are withdrawn; but when we set out for the Djurgard, those gorgeous beams were not extinguished; and Stockholm, the bright Venice of the North, viewed from the western side, flashing in reflected light from the radiancy of a sinking sun, appears to a dazzled stranger like some enchanted city of palaces, rising from the waters, and illumined by the many-coloured northern lights. The windows of the glittering white houses, six and eight stories high, being double, have the outer sash level with the walls, a circumstance which adds considerably to the effect; when mingled with the curious variety of colouring in the pale blue and yellow wooden buildings, houses, steeples, palaces, and churches throw back on the spectator the gorgeous tints of a richly setting sun. It was at such a moment that Stockholm presented to me an appearance of indescribable beauty and grandeur. The romantic aspect of the surrounding rocky and woody scenery gives it a charm, which the queen, or rather the mournful widow, of the Adriatic, lacks. Rapidly-rolling streams of fresh and salt water intersect the town, and throw up here and there broken waves, and light thin clouds of spray, which, catching the prismatic rays of evening, add their rainbow hues to the dazzling effect of the many-windowed and sparkling houses, and give to the whole scene, rising thus from the wooded lake at one side, and the ocean at the other, an aspect that to the eye of fancy is magical. On this occasion the

Dalecarlian giantesses were in their holiday attire. These industrious creatures, the Dahlkuller, or peasant women of Dalecarlia, as we name the province of Dalarne, gleaned some crumbs from his majesty's supper, in the shape of copper skillings. It would be a species of heresy to prefer their boats to the time and romance honoured gondolas of Venice; I must not therefore say whether they are cleaner or prettier,—let Venice keep, if she can, her gondolas, and Stockholm her paddle-boats. The holiday garb of the Dalecarlian boatwomen consists of a jacket, or bodice, of red leather, with shoulder-straps, but no sleeves, open in front, and laced across, at a pretty wide interval, with a silvery-looking cord, having eyelet-holes and clasps of the same bright metal, and underneath a stomacher adorned with tinsels. The under garment is of coarse, but white, linen, with long and very wide sleeves; a thick petticoat, fully plaited, reaches a little, a very little, below the knee, economizing in length what it expends in breadth; a many-bordered apron is curiously worked into it—a still further saving of material. Their awfully stout legs are cased in wretched worsted stockings, and shoes 'of a most exquisite fashion,' as the dainty Amy Robart said here;—the thick wooden sole being, for about half its length, raised some inches higher than the remaining portion, and these 'high heels' certainly add a good deal to their reputed stature. The head-dress is a sort of skull-cap, of scarlet, or white, generally knitted, and without a border, though adorned also with the favourite fringes; and this being worn far back on the head over their thick hair, might have a pretty *bonnet d'enfant* effect, when worn by a young girl—if indeed a Dahlkulla is ever young; I only saw one who looked so, and reminded me of a picture of the ogre's daughter

who lived in the days of Jack the giant-killer. Some people say the Dahlikuller are handsome; some, they are hideous. I certainly do believe that they have the worst noses and the best teeth and hearts in the world. Do not let any one suppose that the costume I have described is to be seen every day in the week; or that I want to represent the boatwomen of Milaran as a French artist paints the weather-beaten wood-carriers of the Pyrenees. I only describe what I saw on a festive occasion. In winter, for example, you may see a sheep-skin, worn in the severe manner from that in which a sheep wears it, forming their sweetly simple and patriarchal attire; not that I mean to infer, as some one at my elbow hints, that the petticoat, &c. do not maintain their places. Such were our picturesque boatwomen, at rowers, for the tiny barks are impelled by paddles, steered by hands instead of by steam; and this manual exercise being alternately exerted by the two women employed, gave a pretty dancing appearance over the lake, which was covered with these gondolas or carriages of Stockholm."

The above passage will have prepared others besides ourselves for two volumes of pleasant reading. But Miss Bunbury's taste is not equal to her descriptive power. Unwilling to rely on her own simple record—and vexed, possibly, with the ambition of emulating Mrs. Jameson's *Emmée*, or Andersen's '*Improvisatore*'—she has thought fit to throw her travelling sketches into the shape of a most mysterious and sentimental novel,—preserving her individuality all the while in a manner which perplexes rather than attracts. A young lady having as many secrets as charms suddenly falls into Miss Bunbury's lap:—and is associated with her in her journey to Rome. Throughout the narrative of this, romance predominates over reality. Scraps of scenery and volume are noted down, glimpses of notable objects taken; but delicate distresses are awakened upon Evelyn as bounteously as upon Madame D'Arblay's L. S., —and travelling companions are picked up and parted with in a fashion no less liberal and surprising. It is a pity that Miss Bunbury should have thus laid her pains and patience,—since she is not so happy in exciting interest, in contriving incidents, or in drawing character, as in sketching

what she has seen. We trust that should we again meet her among the tourists it will not be as the teller of a flimsy and improbable story of love-trials, and political conspiracies, and wanderings wild enough to content *Consuelo's* self, and marriages retarded for no other purpose, that we can see, than to astonish the reader when they do come at last.

A Visit to the Duke de Bordeaux.—[Une Visite à Monsieur le Due de Bordeaux]. By Charles Dide. Paris. In 12mo. Price, 12 francs.

Didier. Paris, Levy; London, Dulau.
FOURTEEN editions in about as many weeks since its first publication sufficiently prove the interest which this brochure has excited in France. We may best introduce it to the notice of English readers by giving a brief account of its origin.

M. Charles Didier, a Republican, as he boasts, *de l'avant veille*, was appointed to a diplomatic mission by M. Lamartine immediately after the Revolution of February, which led him to visit Austrian Poland. When Lamartine's government was superseded by Cavaignac, M. Didier returned to Paris through Croatia and Hungary. On his way from Croatia to Vienna, a fellow-passenger in the railway train directed his attention to a castle near the little town of Neustadt, close to the Hungarian frontier. M. Didier saw nothing remarkable in the place; but when informed that it was the residence of the Duke de Bordeaux he was seized with a desire to visit the legitimist heir of the French monarchy. Such a proceeding, however, he felt would be improper so long as he held a semi-official character. Four months afterwards, having occasion to visit Vienna, he obtained a letter of introduction to the Duke de Levis, one of the denizens of Frohsdorf; and he mentions as a singular coincidence that he received this letter in the presence of Louis Bonaparte just forty days before that prince was elected President of the French Republic.

At Vienna M. Didier made no secret of his intention to visit the Duke de Bordeaux. He spoke of the matter at the table of the French ambassador,—and obtained some directions for his journey from the diplomatic agent of Modena. His visit to the castle did not extend beyond a few hours,—but brief as it was it furnished materials for the most annoying scandals and misrepresentations. Legitimists attributed to M. Didier the multitudinous libels published by *red* journals on what they were pleased to term the *court* of Frohsdorf;—Republicans declared that M. Didier had abandoned his principles and was bent on the restoration of Henry V. In reply to both he has published the simple narrative before us; and its extraordinary popularity is justified alike by its literary merit and by the interest of the subject.

From Vienna M. Didier went by railroad to Neustadt, the nearest station to Frohsdorf; and he soon discovered traces of the Hungarian

At a short distance from Neustadt we meet the branch-line which unites the Hungarian town of Oldenburg to the grand southern trunk. This line was deserted, and in fact quite abandoned, for the war had suspended all communications between Hungary and the adjacent countries. The stations were closed, the sentry-boxes empty, the telegraphs silent, and the tracks overgrown.

At a short distance from this scene of desolation lie the little village and castle of Frohsdorf, which are thus described—

After passing through a pine-wood we came to a village, the first we had met, and on its first or one of its first houses I read the name of Frohsdorf, traced in white letters on a black ground. I had reached my destination. My Automedon drove straight to the castle; it was necessary in order to reach

it, to traverse the entire village, which is divided in two by the river Leytha. He stopped at the gate just as the clock struck eleven. Frohsdorf is an old feudal estate which passed under the Restoration from the hands of some old Austrian family into the possession of Caroline Murat, ex-queen of Naples. It was she who sold it to the Duchess d'Angoulême through the intervention of the Duke de Blacas. The estate, which is not very large, is managed by a steward; but on the other hand the mansion is very capacious, though it hardly suffices for the number of its inhabitants. It is surrounded on all sides by a dry ditch, which properly speaking is nothing more than an area for the kitchens. It is crossed by a stone bridge, in front of the principal entrance. I do not know whether there is another; indeed I believe that there is not. The castle has nothing feudal much less royal in its aspect. It is a great white German house, the pointed roof of which is crowned with chimneys and garrets. It is divided in the middle by a triangular pediment. The ground-floor is on a level with the bridge and is surmounted by two stories. I counted nine windows in front. Those of the second story are square and very small. The others are of reasonable dimensions. One only, that in the middle, directly over the large arched doorway is decorated with a balcony and pilasters. These and the pediment are the only parts of the front which affect any purpose of architectural decoration. The western side preserves a large round tower descending into the depth of the fosse, but which unfortunately is truncated at the top and cut down to the level of the roof.

A small park and English garden, a guard house on a wooded knoll, and a ruin on the verge of the demesne complete the establishment of the representative of the elder branch of the Bourbons.—

The situation is sombre and marked with a character of melancholy. At the west spreads out a continuous level plain like a vast carpet of verdure, at the extremity of which rises in all its magnificence the chain of mountains which separates Styria from the archduchy of Austria, and unites the Alps to the Carpathian range. Their peaks festoon the horizon, and the snows, with which the highest were entirely covered, sparkled in the sun with the glitter of diamonds. The prospect to the east is quite different; on this side, at the distance of a musket-shot from the castle runs a long range of uninteresting though wooded hills, the crest of which forms the Hungarian frontier, then defended by armed peasants.

This vicinity to the Hungarian frontier must expose the exiled royal family to some danger; but M. Didier declares that familiarity with the vicissitudes of fortune had rendered them fearless of peril. He adds that the ancient castle of the Esterhazys is at a short distance from the frontier. This was once remarkable for its accumulated treasures, guarded by artillery and soldiers in the pay of that princely family; and it was forbidden to alienate any portion of this wealth except to pay the ransom of any of this semi-royal house who might be taken prisoners by the followers of the Prophet. These testamentary dispositions preserve the memory of the time when Hungary was the bulwark of Christendom against the encroachment of the Ottomans:—who but for the bravery of the Magyars might have fulfilled their threat of stabbing their horses in the halls of the Vatican. Let us, however, return to Eszterhazy.

The entrance is as cold and sad as that of a convent; a feeling of humidity pervades the narrow and deep court-yard. Such at least was my impression. On the right-hand under the porch is the porter's lodge, and a large printed time-table of the railway, the only communication between this solitude and the world is suspended near the gate. I asked in *French*, as may be supposed, for the Duc de Levis. I was answered in the same language, for in this house everything is French from cellar to garret. A woman, the porter's wife I believe, conducted me herself to the first floor, and I was introduced into a large bed-chamber, also used as a

study, which commands a wide view over the country.

After some conversation with the Duke de Levis, M. Didier expressed a wish to pay his respects to the ex-royal family. The Duke de Bordeaux consented to receive him, though aware of his republican principles. The interview took place in a room on the ground floor which was decorated only with canes, fowling-pieces and trophies. After the usual words of course, an interesting conversation ensued.—

I went directly to the purpose; and here is word for word, as well as my memory serves me, the first serious phrase which I addressed to him. "Monsieur," said I, "I know not and God alone can know what destinies futurity has in store for you; but if you have any chance of reigning one day in France, which for my part I am far from desiring, your chance is this,—that France, worn out by experiments and at the end of her resources, may not find in elective power that stability of which she is in search; that discouragement and errors may lead men's minds to the hereditary principle as the most firm basis of authority; you represent that principle, and in such a case it is France herself who will come to seek you. Until then I see only one thing for you to do, and that is to wait events." The Duc de Bordeaux had listened to me with great attention; as I spoke his countenance gradually brightened; the ice was broken. He replied to me without hesitation that I had exactly interpreted his thoughts,—that he would never join in any enterprise against the established authorities, that he did not wish to take any initiative and had no personal ambition,—that he looked upon himself, in fact, as the principle of order and stability, which he was resolved to maintain intact for the future peace of France, that this principle constituted his entire strength, and that he had no other,—that it would always influence him to do his duty whatever might be his station, and that God was on his side and would lend him assistance. "If ever I return to France," he added, "it will only be to establish perfect conciliation,—and I believe that I alone can do so." God is the searcher of hearts and to Him alone belong the secrets of the conscience. Still I believe that I may take on me to affirm that the words of the Prince were sincere. The tone of conviction with which he pronounced them, the openness of his countenance while he was speaking, left no doubt on this head. Everything in him manifests great uprightness of heart and spirit,—lively sentiments of duty and justice united to a desire for doing good. Like the Duc de Levis, he appeared to me perfectly familiar with our affairs,—although he was very reserved in speaking of our public men; whether through reserve or prudence he pronounced no formal judgment on anybody, and in speaking of passing events confined himself to generalities so vague that none of his words, not one even of his opinions, have remained in my memory. On the contrary, the profession of faith with which he opened the conversation was graven there word for word. It is true that it was the kernel and as it were the pivot of our discourse. It was for me the principal,—the rest was merely accessory. . . . All that we have a right to require in a man is a sincere desire to learn and the will to do good; now, it would be great injustice to deny these virtues to the Prince. Add to this sound sense, candour, great benevolence and a natural generosity, indisputable, and I may farther add, undisputed. He is an honest man in every sense of the word. Turn we now to the reverse of the medal,—what medal has not its reverse? Either I am very much deceived or the Duc de Bordeaux is deficient in initiative power and probably deficient in resolution. His mind is cultivated rather than inventive; he conceives rather than creates,—and takes in more than he gives out. From his education and from his nature indolence in him prevails over the power of execution. In a word, and perhaps it is fortunate for his repose, he appears to me more suited to expectation than to action. I cannot, I confess, adduce any particular fact in support of this opinion, which may be a mere impression,—but I believe it to be well founded. . . . He would have made, I am convinced, an excellent constitutional monarch. The nature of his mind and even his

character were appropriate to this form of government, and his education has had a similar tendency. Party spirit represents him as an absolutist,—and as such he appears to the crowd from the seclusion of his exile; the truth is, that there is not probably in Europe a more sincere Constitutional than he is. Still further, with the exception of some modern ideas which have disturbed him in these later times and which he labours to assimilate, he is almost a liberal of the Restoration. I hasten to add that he is a religious liberal; but his devotion does not degenerate into bigotry, as has been reported. There is no doubt that his grandfather, Charles the Tenth, and even Louis the Eighteenth himself, would have been greatly scandalized by his doctrines, and that he would have been in their eyes a political heretic, a royal Lafayette.

M. Didier describes the Prince as less corpulent than he is usually represented. He has not recovered from the accident which he met with some years ago at Kirchberg, when his leg was broken by a fall from his horse. No mention is made of the wen which the journals recently declared to have grown to such a size on the Prince's neck as to threaten fatal consequences:—on the contrary, M. Didier declares that he still retains the healthful bloom of youth. Without impugning M. Didier's fidelity, we must say that feelings of bitter hostility to the Orleans dynasty seem to have led him to adopt a very favourable view of the elder branch of the Bourbons: and it is rather curious to see what pains he takes to hide the common belief that Henry of Bordeaux is likely to die childless and leave the claims of legitimacy as an inheritance to the Count de Paris.

We come now to another most interesting personage, the Duchess d'Angoulême, daughter of Louis the Sixteenth and of Marie Antoinette,—whose long life has been for the most part a protracted penance.—

The Duchess d'Angoulême inhabits the first floor; she received me standing in her saloon, a very large room but very plain, furnished without the least luxury, and from which the view extends westward over the Styrian Alps. She must be about seventy years of age, and consequently has no personal pretensions; she is said never to have had any. Her severe toilette is suited to her age. From her organization she has a harsh voice and bluntness of tone, which in her are involuntary but which are said in the days of her greatness to have prevented her from appearing amiable when she most wished to be so. She asked me concerning France with the most lively interest, but with great tact and moderation; she inquired if the people of Paris had any religious sentiments; she spoke with lively admiration of the Christian death of the Archbishop of Paris on the barricades of June. Except this no proper name had been pronounced. It was I who turned the conversation on the younger branch by saying to her, "Madame, it is impossible that you have not seen the finger of God in the fall of Louis Philippe."—"It is in everything," she replied with great simplicity, and without my being able to detect the least trace of bitterness. Though silent respecting the father, she had some kind words for the son and for the Duchess of Orleans. I was far less reserved on the subject of the fallen dynasty and its government. "Still, madame," said I, "confess that in spite of your Christian magnanimity the day on which this intelligence reached you was far from being the most painful of your life." She remained silent, but looked at me with an air which seemed to say, "You are asking too much." The moderation of her words was unalterable; not a syllable of reproach escaped her lips. It is not that she does not fully appreciate the difference between the Revolutions of July and February. When I recounted to her the flight of Louis Philippe. "At least," said she, "Charles X. retired as a king, bequeathing Algeria to France." This comparison was made with some feelings of pride, assuredly very legitimate, but no trace of triumph of satisfied vengeance was to be found in any of her words. It may be boldly said that no vindictive feeling can be

found in this soul which has offered as a holocaust to God all its pains and all its passions.

There are few, we think, who will not share M. Didier's sentiments of respect and pity for the prisoner and orphan of the Temple,—now the exiled Queen of Frohsdorf. Her piety and resignation are exemplary. She has laid aside all thoughts of courts, and lives only in the melancholy recollections of her youth.—

She keeps in her bed-chamber, the austerity of which is almost monastic, only such objects as are calculated to revive the tragic scenes of her early youth,—the portraits of her father, her mother, and her mother's friend, the Princess de Lamballe; and near her bed, which has not even a curtain, stands a *prie-dieu* full of objects most sacred in her eyes,—the black vest which her father wore when he ascended the scaffold—the lace cap which her mother made with her own hands to appear in before the revolutionary tribunal. She alone has the key of those sad reliques, and once a-year, on the 21st of January, she takes them from the reliquary in which they are inclosed, and surrounds herself with them in order to bring herself into closer communion with the beloved dead by whom they were worn. On that day she buries her tears in complete seclusion; she sanctifies the blood-stained anniversary by solitude and prayer.

A very brief account is given of the Duchess de Bordeaux. She is a princess of the House of Modena, about two years older than her husband—and more impatient than he is of the loneliness of Frohsdorf. We could have wished for some particulars of the Duchess de Berry; whose adventures, beginning in the style of Maria Theresa and ending in that of Maria Louisa, have formed one of the most whimsical episodes in contemporary history. We are told that she lives near Gratz, with her husband, the Count de Lucchese-Palli, by whom she has had four children; and that the Duke de Bordeaux treats her with all the respect and affection due to a mother, notwithstanding her misalliance and the ridicule which its consequences brought upon his cause.

We shall make no comment on the narrative which we have examined:—he would be a bold man who would venture to predict the future of France. It is only necessary to say that M. Didier's book bears the impress of fidelity and honesty. The only sign of partisanship which it betrays is a tendency, as we have said, to bear heavily on the unfortunate House of Orleans.

Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales. A Sequel to the Nursery Rhymes of England. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Smith.

AFTER reading the preface to this volume—in which the editor speaks of being "firmly convinced of the 'imagination-nourishing' power of the wild and fanciful lore of the old nursery," and of having "spared no labour in collecting the fragments which have been traditionally preserved in our provinces,"—and states that he has in arranging the materials "followed, in some respects, the plan adopted by Mr. Robert Chambers in his elegant work on the 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland,'" and that together they (that is, the work before us and Mr. Chambers's) "will eventually contain nearly all that is worth preserving of what may be called the natural literature of Great Britain"—we could not reasonably be prepared for such a disappointment as awaited us when we came to the perusal of the work itself. It is impossible to turn over twenty pages without feeling convinced that the work has been undertaken rather as a bookseller's speculation—as a trade-companion to the 'Nursery Rhymes of England'—than with any well-considered purpose. Hence the great inequality of treatment which his materials receive at the hand of the editor:

some being intended antiquary they may of the number note or may be e remarkable exist on Scandina part render and miste obtain same shew with Hor said of the 309 sent occ class of spheres. For in "Nursery ber of cur deteriorate to the Lin "We of this k throughout the prettis family of Englan version a is as follo Ladd Thy Fly "Thea throw th take fr Mr. Chas Virgin N chaser, M Swede, maid. W hatched by on this preserve Lady Com No Lad Thy Thea Fly Tha Thea In Brenta man s of the "C chee all go * Is follow

some being worked up in a way obviously intended to render them acceptable to the antiquary and philosopher, however distasteful they may be thereby rendered to the inhabitants of the nursery—while others are left without note or comment, however illustrative they may be either of our early literature or of that remarkable coincidence which is known to exist on so many points between the folk-lore of this country and that of our Teutonic and Scandinavian brethren. The book exhibits in one part a display of learning calculated to render it "caviare" to the good little masters and mistresses whose patronage it might otherwise obtain—and is in others so essentially pure as to disqualify it for a place on the same shelf with Grimm or Brande, or even with Home or Chambers. What, therefore, we said of the 'Nursery Rhymes' [see *Ath.* No. 809] we are compelled to repeat on the present occasion: "the book will not suit any class of readers—either children, adults, philosophers, poets, or antiquaries."

For instance, in the opening chapter, entitled 'Nursery Antiquities'—which contains a number of curious memoranda, though put together in a careless slip-slop manner that greatly deteriorates from their value—we have the following notice of the favourite ballad addressed to the Ladybird.—

"We could not, perhaps, select a better instance of this kind of similarity in nuptial songs as current throughout the great northern states of Europe than the pretty stanza on the ladybird. Variations of this familiar song belong to the vernacular literature of England, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. The version at present current in the North of England is as follows:—

Lady-cow, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone;
All but one that lies under a stone.
Fly thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone!*

"These lines are said by children, when they throw the beautiful little insect into the air, to make it fly. Two Scottish variations are given by Mr. Chambers, p. 170. In Germany it is called the Virgin Mary's chaser, *Marienwürmchen*, or the May-chaser, *Maikäferchen*, and the gold-bird, *Guldvogel*. In Sweden, gold-hen, gold-cow, or the Virgin Mary's hen. In Denmark, our Lord's hen, or our Lady's hen. We may first mention the German song translated by Taylor as frequently alluded to by writers on this subject. The second verse is the only one preserved in England.—

Lady-bird! lady-bird! pretty one! stay!
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay;
With me shall no mischief betide thee:
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is near,
Only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
Thy house is a-fire, thy children will roam!
List! list! to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom.
Then, lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home!
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing.

Fly back again, back again, lady-bird dear!
Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee here;
With them shall no perils attend thee!
They'll guard thee so safely from danger or care,
They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair
And comfort, and love, and befriend thee!

"In 'Das Knaben Wunderhorn,' Arnim and Brentano, 1808, iii. 82, 83, 90, we have three German songs relating to the lady-bird. The first two of these are given:—

Der Guldvogel.
Guldvogel, flieg aus,
Flieg auf die Stangan,
Käsebrode langen;
Mir eins, dir eins.
Alle gute G'sellen eins.

"Gold-bird, get thee gone, fly to thy perch, bring cheese-cakes, one for me, one for thee, and one for all good people."

* In Norfolk, the lady-bird is called *burny-bee*; and the following lines are current:—

Burnie bee, burnie bee,
Tell me when your wedding be.
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

Maikäferchen, Maikäferchen, fliege weg!
Dein Hau-gen brennt,
Dein Mutterchen flent,
Dein Vater sitzt auf der Schwelle,
Fieß in Himmel aus der Höle.

" May-bird, May-bird, fly away. Thy house burns, thy mother weeps, thy father stays at his threshold, fly from hell into heaven!"—The third is not so similar to our version. Another German one is given in 'Kuhn und Schwartz, Norddeutsche Sagen,' 1848, p. 375.—

Maikäferchen, fliege,
Dein Vater ist im Kriege,
Dein Mutter ist in Pommernland,
Pommernland ist abgebrannt!
Maikäferchen, fliege.

" May-bird, fly. Thy father is in the war, thy mother is in Pomerania, Pomerania is burnt! May-bird, fly!"—See also, 'Erk und Irmer, Die Deutschen Volkslieder,' Berlin, 1839, iv. 7, Das Maikäferlied. For the two pretty Swedish songs which follow I am indebted to the MS. of Mr. Stephens. The first is common in the southern parts of that country, the other in the northern.—

Guld-höna, guld-ko!
Flyg öster, flyg väster.
Dit du flyger der bor din ålskade!

" Gold-hen, gold-cow! fly east, fly west, you will fly where your sweetheart is."

Jungfru Maria Nyckelpiga!
Flyg öster, flyg väster,
Flyg dit der min kärsta bor!*

" Fly, our holy Virgin's bower-maid! fly east, fly west, fly where my loved-one dwelleth." In Denmark they sing ('Thiele,' iii. 134):—

Fly, fly, our Lord's own hen!
To-morrow the weather fair will be,
And eke the next day too."

This is a very interesting notice,—which might have been greatly extended by a reference to Grimm and other Continental writers. But how great, as it stands, is the contrast which it exhibits to the following:—

Dock.
Nettle in, dock out
Dock rub nettle.

" If a person is stung with a nettle, a certain cure will be effected by rubbing dock leaves slowly over the part, repeating the above charm very slowly. Mr. Akerman gives us another version of it as current in Wiltshire.—

Out 'ettle, in dock
Dock shall ha' a new smock
'Telle shant ha' narun!"

Here we have not a word of comment: yet Mr. Brockett has noticed the similarity of effect attributed to these words with that alluded to in the old monkish adage, "Exeat Urtica, tibi sit pericles amica";—and Mr. Wilbraham, remarking that "In dock, out nettle" is a kind of proverbial saying expressive of inconstancy, applies it to the explanation of an obscure passage in Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida,' Book IV. stanza 66.—

Thou bidding me I should love another
All freshly new and let Creside go,
It lith me nat in my powir, leve brother,
And though I might, yet wold I nat doe so:
But cast thou playn raket to and fro
Nettle in, Dock ou, now this, now that Pandare,
Now foule fall her for thy wo that care.

The editor might have added that Truepennie in 'Roister Doister,' Act II., scene 3, makes a similar allusion to this saying:—

I cannot skill of such chaungeable mettle
There nothing with them but dock, out nettle!

One of the most curious passages in this chapter, as establishing the fact that some of the puerile rhymes are at least more than a century old, is the following:—

"A very curious ballad, written about the year 1720, in the possession of Mr. Crofton Croker, establishes the antiquity of the rhymes of 'Jack-a-Dandy,' 'Boys and girls come out to play,' 'Tom Tidler's on the Friar's ground,' 'London bridge is broken down,'

* This is a very remarkable coincidence with an English rhyme:—

Lily-lady-bird, fly!
North, south, east, or west;
Fly to the pretty girl
That I love best.

" Who comes here, a grenadier,¹ and 'See, saw, sacroundon,' besides mentioning others we have before alluded to. The ballad is entitled, 'Namby Pamby, or a Panegyric on the New Versification, addressed to A. F., Esq.'

Namby Pamby, Jack-a-Dandy,
Stole a piece of sugar-candy,
From the grocer's shoppy shop,
And away did hoppy hop.

In the course of the ballad the writer thus introduces the titles of the nursery rhymes,—

Namby Pamby's double mild,
Once a man, and twice a child
To his hanging sleeves restor'd,
Now he feels it like a lord;
Now he pumps his little wits
All by little tiny fits.
Now, methinks, I hear him say,
Boys and girls, come out to play,
Moon do's shine as bright as day;
Now my Namby Pamby's found
Sitting on the Friar's ground,
Picking silver, picking gold,—
Namby Pamby's never old:
Bally-cally they begin,
Namby Pamby still keeps in.
Namby Pamby is no clown;
London Bridge is broken down;
Now he courts the gay laddie,
Dancing o'er the Lady Lee:
Now he sings of Lickspit Liar,
Burning in the brimstone fire;
Lyar, liyar, Lickspit, liar,
Turn about the candlestick.
Now he sings of Jacky Horner,
Sitting in the chimney corner,
Eating of a Christmas pie,
Putting in his thumb, oh! fie!
Putting in, oh! fie, his thumb,
Putting out, oh! strange, a plumb!
Now he acts the grenadier,
Calling for a pot of beer:
Where's his money? He's forgot—
Get him gone, a drunken son!
Now on cock-horse does he ride,
And anon on timber stride,
See and saw, and sacky down,
London is a gallant town!

Among the Fireside Nursery Stories which form the second division of this volume we have two of those cat tales that figure so prominently in the popular legends of all countries. These, although perhaps not the best stories in the book, are the shortest, and the most suitable for quotation.—

"Mally Dixon and Knurre-Murre.

" Stories of fairies appearing in the shape of cats are common in the North of England. Mr. Longstaff relates that a farmer of Standish, in Durham, was one night crossing a bridge, when a cat jumped out, stood before him, and looking him full in the face, said:

Johnny Reed! Johnny Reed!
Tell Madame Monfort
That Mally Dixon's dead.

The farmer returned home, and in mickle wonder recited this awful stanza to his wife, when up started their black cat, saying, "Is she?" and disappeared for ever. It was supposed she was a fairy in disguise, who thus went to attend a sister's funeral, for in the people-literature of Denmark. Near a town called Lvng is the hill of Brondhøe, inhabited by the trold-folk or imps. Amongst these trolds was an old sickly devil, peevish and ill-tempered, because he was married to a young wife. This unhappy trold often set the rest by the ears, so they nicknamed him Knurre-Murre, or Rumble Grumble. Now it came to pass that Knurre-Murre discovered that his young wife was inclined to honour him with a supplemental pair of horns; and the object of his jealousy, to avoid his vengeance, was compelled to fly for his life from the cavern, and take refuge, in the shape of a tortoise-shell cat, in the house of Goodman Platt, who harboured him with much hospitality, let him lie on the great wicker chair, and fed him twice a day with bread and milk out of a red earthenware pipkin. One evening the goodman came home, at a late hour, full of wonderment.—"Goody," exclaimed he to his wife, "as I was passing by Brondhøe, there came out a trold, who spake to me, saying,

Hör du Plat,
Sug til din cat
At Knurre-Murre er død.

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"Mean Daily Range of Temperature for Months."

Months.	Underclif.	Madeira.
January	7°46	9°15
February	8°20	10°17
March	10°42	9°79
April	12°64	9°39
May	12°62	9°05
June	11°90	8°73
July	10°62	9°82
August	11°39	10°05
September	11°09	9°83
October	9°53	10°36
November	7°78	10°76
December	6°96	10°43

"During the winter months the above shows a superiority even over Madeira, as regards the variation of mean daily temperature, in the following ratio:—In October the difference is 1°03; in November it amounts to 2°98; in December, the first month of winter, the mean daily range of temperature in the Undercliff varies less than that of the same month in Madeira by 3°52; in January the mean daily range is less by 1°69; and in February 1°97 than it is in Madeira during the same months. But if we compare the difference of the mean diurnal range with that of London for a similar series of years, we shall have another example of the greater equality of temperature which the Undercliff presents, and we will add Newport to show the difference which exists at so short a distance as ten miles from the spot we are describing.

"Mean Daily Range of Temperature."

Months.	Underclif.	Newport.	London.
January	7°46	9°03	8°92
February	8°20	10°11	10°93
March	10°42	14°03	12°77
April	12°64	19°56	15°95
May	12°62	19°00	17°52
June	11°90	21°25	18°61
July	10°62	17°41	17°66
August	11°39	18°33	17°29
September	11°09	15°91	16°99
October	9°53	14°28	13°54
November	7°78	10°91	10°73
December	6°96	8°50	8°76

Those who have suffered from ill-health well know the horrors of an east wind. We are acquainted with persons who would willingly give up their existence during the period of its prevalence, provided they could recover it when the wind should cease to blow from the dreaded quarter. The Undercliff is not free from this terrible visitor; but it prevails there less frequently, and the locality is more protected from its influence than many parts of our island. Here is a table giving the number of days that these winds prevail there.—

South-west	96·97 days.
East	60·34 "
North-east	54·61 "
West	52·24 "
North-west	30·95 "
South	26·72 "
North	24·46 "
South-east	18·85 "

"From this Table, which seems to me not the most interesting of the series, it will appear that the south-westerly winds predominate at all seasons of the year, in various proportions, exceeding the easterly even in spring. In winter, the southerly and westerly winds predominate over those from the N. and E. by about six days on the average. In spring, the winds from the same quarters are nearly balanced. In summer, the northerly and easterly winds are exceeded by those from the opposite quarters by more than one-half, while in autumn the southerly and westerly winds preponderate over the N. and E. in the proportion of fifty-two to forty-one. The only winds to which the Undercliff is directly exposed will be seen to be those of the least frequent occurrence, and those which blow from warm quarters predominate chiefly at the colder seasons of the year."

In addition to his observations on the climate, Dr. Martin has made some judicious remarks on the class of diseases likely to be benefitted by a residence in the Undercliff. He has also very properly pointed out that climate will not do everything for disease. Unless people attend to dress, ventilation, diet, and medicine too sometimes, mere climate can effect but little.—The least satisfactory part of the book

is the account of the indigenous diseases of the district. Unless we have something like a statistical account of the deaths and births, and of the numbers of people diseased at a given time—and compare results thus obtained with similar accounts from other places—the mere opinion of a medical man on the comparative healthiness of a particular district is of little value. The remark of Louis, the great French physician, that in nearly every opinion which he formed of the results of disease and of its proper treatment before he began to count he was wrong, is worthy the attention of every practitioner in medicine.

Dr. Martin has rendered this volume more generally interesting than it otherwise would have been, by adding an account of the natural history of the island. On the advantages of studying the objects of this science, he has the following sensible remarks.—

"It is a matter of infinite importance that the invalid who removes from home for the purpose of seeking health in any favoured spot, should, if possible, have some amusement and pursuit which may engage his attention, and, as I have before said, draw his mind from thinking too much on his state of health. Gay society is in general incompatible with the prudence and care which is usually enjoined by the physician, and is also hazardous as involving exposure; but to be able to procure its own entertainments, and to subsist upon its own stock, is not the prerogative of every mind. There are indeed understandings so fertile and comprehensive, that they can always feed reflection with new supplies, and suffer nothing from the preclusion of adventurous amusements. But others live only from day to day, and must be constantly enabled by foreign supplies to keep out the encroachments of languor and stupidity." With the hope of obviating this disadvantage, I have attempted to awaken the attention of the invalid, whose strength will admit, and to endeavour to incite him to the prosecution of so delightful a study as that of Natural History. Its pursuit tends to arouse an interest which is heightened by having all the charms of novelty, and, at the same time that the faculties of the mind are thus profitably employed, the exercise in the open air, which it necessarily involves, contributes to give vigour to the enervated frame, and the attendant excitement prevents the exposure from acting prejudicially on the system. Natural History not only affords amusement to a large class of invalids, but allows of exercise on horseback in visiting the different places of resort of various animals, as also the localities in which he may enrich his collection of fossils or increase the interest of his herbarium. His ride is no longer the tame, dull affair which it appears to be when taking exercise as a matter of duty; on the contrary, his horse is looked upon as merely subordinate to a purpose of more interest than a mere ride would afford, and his system is by this means put in the best condition for receiving all the advantages attendant on exposure to air and exercise on horseback."

Few spots present a more desirable field than this for natural history pursuits. We are glad to hear that a society has been established at Ryde for the purpose of forming a museum of the Island. This, when carried out, will be a highly interesting addition to the attractions of the scene; and if visitors have no other object in view, they may now collect specimens for the island museum. To those who visit the Undercliff with natural-history objects in view, Dr. Martin's book will be found a useful guide.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Cola Monti; or, the Story of a Genius. By the Author of "How to win Love," &c.—"Cola Monti" is emphatically a book for boys, and of its class we know of none more original in design or more wholesome in tendency. The beneficial interaction between imagination and feeling on the one hand and principle and industry on the other is the purpose of the story; the former qualities being personified in its hero, the latter in his friend Archibald M'Kaye. This

moral is sufficiently obvious to adults; but we think for juvenile readers it would have been improved by a more direct application.—The bent of Cola's mind is to become a great painter, and the tale develops the growth of his genius from childhood until the period when an honourable future is fairly open to him. During this probation he has many struggles to undergo, arising both from his own impassioned nature and from the trials to which it is subjected. These he is assisted to surmount by the excellent precepts and example of his friend. The ambition of Cola, for instance, prompts him at once to attempt the highest walk of his art; but in the mean time it is necessary for him to subsist by his labour, and wood-drawing is his only resource. He evinces distaste to this inferior branch of endeavour; when Archy observes—"Never sink your genius down to the level of your work, but elevate the work by your genius. Put as much talent as ever you can into these ugly little wood-blocks."—It is the best praise we can award to the Authoress of this book that she adopts her own counsel. Having already furnished evidence that she is qualified for the canvas of ideal fiction, she "puts all the talent she can" into the "wood-blocks" of literature. We must not omit to notice, as a charming and pathetic episode in her story, the character of *Seppi*, a little organ boy whom Cola by the aid of his talents rescues from destitution. The means by which this result is accomplished—the sale of Cola's sketches through the country—are not, however, so consistent with probability as the rest of the narrative. The pencil drawings of a school-boy in the hands of a little road-side pilgrim would afford but a slender chance of maintenance:—unless, indeed, on the presumption that the kind feeling and love of Art which this tale discloses were universally current.

Mick and Nick; or, the Power of Conscience. Translated from the German of Dr. Barth. By the Rev. Robert Menzies.—The second of a new series of moral and religious stories for young persons, translated from a popular German writer for children. The tales are pretty and lively:—but the morals are somewhat more German than suits this meridian.

Thoughts of the Good and Wise, arranged for Daily Meditation.—A small collection of passages—chiefly of the moral and reflective kind—from various authors of orthodox repute.

The History and Mystery of Good Friday. By Robert Robinson.—An attack on the institution of Good Friday,—with a sketch of the writer thereof.

Musings of a Musician. By Henry C. Lunn. 2nd edition.—This little volume had a word of welcome from us on its first publication, and we are glad to see that others agree with us in opinion, and that it has arrived at a second edition. It cannot fail to do good service, be it more or less. The public is music mad just now. One Italian Opera is insufficient to satisfy its greedy appetite, and we have two—and a German Opera—and a French Opera—and an English Opera—and Exeter Hall with its crowding thousands—to say nothing of Philharmonics, Harmonies, Quartett Societies, Choral Harmonists, Musical Unions, Quadrille Bands, Serenaders "black, white, and grey," with concerts, morning, noon, and night. This is all very well in its way; but as the English people are not "to the manner born," a word or two in the way of caution, criticism, and suggestion, may help them to form an opinion of their own, and save them from the misleading influences of the interested. This has been the ungracious duty of the *Athenæum* for many a long year, and Mr. Lunn is a labourer in the same vocation. He is not, however, restricted as we are, by the requirements of the hour—he has the whole world of Art open to him and may be as discursive as he pleases, while we are cabin'd and confined to the hour and to the given subject. It is his pleasure, too, to catch his trout by tickling, while we, who have no time to throw away, must catch them as we can, and knock them on the head at the earliest possible moment. It appears by those significant words "second edition" that he has been successful; and we rejoice at it, for his sake, and for more for the sake of the art itself.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abbott's (J. N.) *Sketches of Modern Athens*, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl. 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d. awd. Achille's *Notes of a Visit to Northampton*, rev. 8vo. 1s. 1s. cl. Billing's (R. W.) *The Infinity of Geometric Design*, 4to. 1s. 6s. cl. Boardman's (T. J.) *Collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, 10s. 6d. cl. Bohn's Extra Vol. *Rabeia's Works*, Vol. I. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Bohn's Classical Library, 'Plato,' Vol. II. 12mo. 5s. cl. 'Thucydides,' by Dale, Vol. II. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl. Child's Book of Ballads, by the Author of 'Hymns and Scenes,' 2s. 6d. Delille's ('C. J.') Répertoire des Prosateurs Français, 4th ed. 6s. 6d. Enchanted Doll ('The'), a Tale, by Mark Lemon, sq. 3s. 6d. bds. Excalibur, a Tale of Our Own Times, by Mr. Sykes, 1s. 1s. cl. Griffith's ('Sir G.') Rome, a Tour of Many Days, 3 vols. 8vo. 14. 16s. cl. Herbert's ('A.') Cyclops Christianus, an Argument, 8vo. 6s. cl. Head's ('Sir G.') Rome, a Tour of Many Days, 3 vols. 8vo. 14. 16s. cl. Headley's ('J. T.') The Adirondack, or Life in the Woods, cr. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl. Henty's ('W. H.') A Story-teller's Gentlemanly Terms, 12mo. 10s. cl. King's ('W. H.') East and West, 12mo. 1s. cl. Kynaston's (Lieut. A. F.) Casualties Afloat, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Kling's (Herz) Chess Problems, 8vo. 2s. cl. London's (J. C.) The Horticulturist, 8vo. 15s. cl. Mayhew's ('B. H.') The Kingdom of Kindness, 12mo. 6s. cl. Magoon's ('E. L.') Living Orators in America, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Marshall's ('J. T.') The Farmer's and Emigrant's Handbook, 6s. 6d. Marryat's ('W. H.') Legends of the Shetland, cr. 8vo. 12s. cl. Marryat's ('Capt. Valiente') An Autobiography, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21s. bds. Murey's ('G. W.') Recollections of Early Life, 12mo. 1s. 1s. cl. Rectory Guest ('The'), by Author of 'The Gambler's Wife,' 14. 11s. 6d. Scrivener's ('H.') Railways Statistically Considered, 8vo. 11s. 1s. cl. Smith's ('L.') Pronouncing French Dictionary, 32mo. 5s. bd. Standard Novels, Vol. CXV.—'Graham's'—Legends of the Rhine, 5s. cl. Stephen's ('Sir J.') Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography, 2 vols. 24s. cl. Swain's ('C.') English Melodies, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl. Tales and Stories for the Young, sq. 2s. cl. Willard's ('E.') Last Leaves of American History, 12mo. 5s. cl. Wilberforce's Bp. Sermons, 5th ed. 12mo. 7s. cl. Willis's ('N. P.') Rural Letters, and Other Thoughts at Leisure, 6s. 6d.

QUARANTINE.—REPORT OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

Most of our readers will recollect that when we were threatened with an invasion of Cholera last year the General Board of Health issued directions for the prevention and treatment of the disease. They assumed in the most positive manner that cholera was not contagious,—or capable of being communicated from one individual to another. At the same time, an order issued from the Privy Council directing all vessels having cholera on board, or coming from places where cholera existed, to perform quarantine. Thus, two branches of Her Majesty's service were placed in direct opposition. The result has been,—the present Report on Quarantine by the Board of Health.

Although we cannot subscribe to all the opinions of this Report,—some of which have, we think, been arrived at hastily and summarily, with a foregone conclusion in view,—we regard this document as one of great importance, and well deserving the serious attention of Her Majesty's Government with reference to an alteration in the laws of Quarantine. These laws as they at present exist are the expressions of ignorance and fear,—wholly unworthy of the advanced knowledge of the day. It was at one time thought that plague and other diseases which sometimes prevail epidemically were in all cases produced by a poisonous matter originating in the diseased body, conveyed from one person to another either by direct contact or by means of anything which the sick subject had touched. The one thing necessary for excluding the disease from a given district was held, therefore, to be the entire stoppage of communication with infected places by means either of persons or of goods of any description coming thence. On this principle our laws of quarantine, as well as those of every other country, were framed. The obstruction to business and the annoyance produced by such laws are very great, even when acted on in the mildest manner possible; but become oppressive when—as has been too often the case—they are taken advantage of for political purposes.

The poisonous matter produced in the system of a diseased person is only one element in the spread of epidemic and contagious disease. Two more important ones have been lost sight of by the great contending parties of contagionists and anti-contagionists:—the condition of the atmosphere, and the state of the system attacked. The poison itself may be generated by a combination of external circumstances, and of circumstances in the system of a diseased individual:—but this poison in order to produce disease must be favoured by a certain condition of the atmosphere—called sometimes its epidemic constitution,—and by a particular state of the system. If these conditions do not exist there is no spread of infectious diseases, and according to their intensity will be the spread and fatality of the disease. A just and proper consideration of these elements will, we fully believe, explain all the anomalies that present themselves in the spread of epidemic diseases: omit the one influence or the other, and you get into difficulties. Deny that there is a poison—and every one acquainted with such diseases as Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Typhus,

Plague can contradict you at once; deny that an atmospheric condition and a predisposition of the system are necessary to the propagation of that poison,—and an array of facts can be brought against you which without such conditions are wholly unexplainable.

The great practical question that results from our knowledge of these facts is,—Can we keep out infectious diseases by Quarantine? The facts brought forward in this Report give a decided negative. Even with regard to the most tangible of the poisons of infectious diseases—that of small pox—it is found impossible where the epidemic constitution of the atmosphere co-exists with the predisposition on the part of individuals to arrest its spread. Like the spores of fungi, it needs but the fitting air and nidus to produce its destructive effects. But it does not follow because we cannot keep poisons out by quarantine, that nothing can be done to prevent the spread of epidemic diseases. Human agency may in all cases mitigate, and in many even destroy, these maladies. We know the circumstances in which the poisons of some of those diseases appear to originate,—we know that in proportion to their dilution in the atmosphere they will be ineffectual. We know some of the atmospheric conditions—as heat and moisture—that favour the spread of epidemic diseases; and we know also many of the causes in the human system which predispose it to become affected by contagion. Under these circumstances, it is a matter of the utmost importance that the suggestions of the Board of Health should be carried out; that for quarantine regulations—which can effect no good—we should substitute an efficient system of sanitary supervision, by which the causes of epidemics may be prevented entirely or mitigated. Without, as we have said, entirely agreeing with all the opinions of the reporters,—thinking some of them one-sided and superficial,—we cordially support the practical measures resulting from their general conclusions: which are as follows:—

"That the chief pestilence in respect to which quarantine establishments have been kept up in this country, the Oriental plague, is, in its antecedent circumstances or causes—in the localities, classes, and conditions of the population attacked, and in its rise and progress—a disease of the most scanty character as typhus; being, according to the most recent authorities who have had practical experience of the malady, a form of that disease modified and rendered more intense by peculiarities of climate and of social condition.

"That the notion of the propagation of the plague by means of goods appears from one uniform mass of evidence to be entirely unfounded as the opinion which formerly prevailed in this country, that typhus could be propagated in the same mode.

"That the true danger of the propagation of plague is not by contact of the affected with the healthy, but by exposure on the part of susceptible subjects to an infected atmosphere under the like conditions which are known to produce and propagate typhus fever in this country.

"That the quarantine establishments in this country, and every other of which we have information, are wholly insufficient, even on the assumption on which they have hitherto been maintained, to prevent the introduction and spread of epidemic disease.

"That these establishments are of a character to inflict on passengers extreme and unnecessary inconvenience, and to subject such of them as may be sick to increased suffering and danger; while they maintain false securities in relation to the means of preventing the spread of disease.

"That typhus and other dangerous epidemic diseases are frequent on board merchant-seamen vessels at sea and in port, for which no effectual or suitable provision is at present made.

"That, as far as relates to the cases of epidemic diseases generated at sea, the principle of the concentrating of responsibility on the shippers, in making it their pecuniary interest to complete the voyage with healthy passengers, operates most effectually in the cases where it has been applied, such as to emigrant, transport, and convict ships, and should be extended to all cases; and that in respect to ships in port, the regulations applied to the prevention of the spread of epidemic diseases from houses in towns are applicable, and would practically be highly beneficial.

"That the substitution of general sanitary regulations, to ship in port for the existing quarantine regulations, would far more effectually stop the existing epidemic disease, and afford better protection to the uninfected on ship-board; whilst it would relieve passengers and crews from grievous inconvenience, abate the motives for concealment of sickness and for false representations as to its nature, greatly lessen commercial expenses, and remove obstructions to the free transit of goods and uninfectious persons which the existing system of quarantine creates.

"It follows that we propose the entire discontinuance of the existing quarantine establishments in this country, and the substitution of sanitary regulations.

"By such substitution the most effective security which the present state of knowledge affords would be taken against the importation of foreign contagion, the maintenance of infection, and the origin and spread of epidemic disease.

"The British Parliament has legislated on the conclusion, submitted with an accumulation of demonstrable evidence, that the causes of epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases are removable, and that the neglect on the part of the constituted authorities to remove such cause, is a punishable offence. The foundation which the Legislature has thus laid for the physical, and consequently for the moral, improvement of the people, is recognized. Half a century ago it was said by a great physician and philanthropist, to whom we have already referred, that the time would come when the Legislature would punish communities for neglecting the known means of preserving the public health, and that prediction the British Parliament has been the first to realize.

"To all natural evil," says Dr. Rush, "the Author of Nature has kindly prepared an antidote. Pestilential fevers furnish no exception to this remark. The means of preventing them are as much under the power of human reason and industry as the means of preventing the evils of lightning and common fire. I am so satisfied of the truth of this opinion that I look for the time when our courts of law shall punish cities and villages for permitting any of the sources of malignant fevers to exist within their jurisdiction."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

We have received much correspondence—as we expected we should—on the subject of the letter of F.R.S. which appeared in our columns last week [ante, p. 542]. This letter we inserted on the principle adopted by us in reference to the whole course of discussion relative to the recent changes in the Royal Society—that of giving to all parties an opportunity of stating their views, that the result arrived at might be the more generally satisfactory. On the present occasion, we think that our correspondents of to-day have a good answer to the complaint of our correspondent F.R.S. Our readers know that the title F.R.S., which should have a positive scientific meaning, has long been so indiscriminately bestowed as to lose its significance and repute; and that, after very hard fighting, what we considered a triumph in the true cause was gained by the resolution which limited the number of members to be elected in any future year—so as to introduce the principle of *selection*, and thereby raise the qualification. The first effect of this is, to bring no one before the Council for election who cannot stand the proper tests; and it is clear that if in an affluent year, like the present, a larger number of candidates appears than the number eligible, the rule of limitation which has secured good men will be very likely to exclude men as good. Substitute, however, the one party for the other—and the same argument of objection remains: and we agree with those of our correspondents who think that no obstacle should be thrown in the way of the harmonious working of the new rule,—if there be no suspicion of bad faith against the Council—and provided that due regard be had to the fair distribution of the various branches of science. This very discussion as to the comparative eligibility of candidates, upon the scientific merits, is already a proof of the value of the rule: and we would not see it endangered by dissension.—Our old friend "Brevipen" very fairly says:—"If the bye-laws permitted an unlimited selection from the list of candidates, the names of Beck and Busk would most assuredly not have been excluded. But the choice of new members is limited to fifteen,—and can it be said that the qualifications of any one of those who are now invited to participate in the Fellowship are below the acknowledged standard of merit?" The gentlemen above named hold an equally honourable position in science with some of the more fortunate on this occasion,—and are destined, may be, to greater eminence; but where there is a balance of claims, some regard may be had without partiality to seniority in age or experience. There are certainly six or seven among the remanents who will be elected in due time. Their reputation in science is, comparatively, of recent date,—and can well afford to wait another year. Let not the friends of these men persuade them to believe that they are rejected. The list has given satisfaction; and it is generally agreed that the Council have exercised a sound discretion in recommending for election fifteen men whose scientific qualifications are honourable alike to themselves and to the country."

The following is a letter which we have received on this subject.—

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Society.—I do not complain of the general tone of the letter; but from two or three remarks in it I dissent entirely.

First, I do not consider the list of names given there by any means as good as those selected,—let any one place the lists in apposition and he will see the striking difference.

In the list selected, if we except Mr. Barry the architect and Mr. Stephenson the engineer,—who have attained the highest eminence in their respective professions,—there is not the name of one person who has not done original scientific work; while such names as Adams, Andrews, Kane, Russell, and others may be fairly considered to be among the leading scientific men of the day.—In the other list, several have never written a paper on a scientific subject, and their names are totally unknown.

I do not wish to point out invidiously the names of men who ought not to have been proposed as Fellows of the Royal Society; but let any one take the trouble to inquire, or even to look at the certificates of those candidates not selected by the Council, and he will find the names of five or six who have not the slightest pretension either from original scientific work or from general eminence to the title of F.R.S. Others have some slender qualifications, and three or four, I am willing to admit, fair qualifications—for the honour. But no possible selection can satisfy every one; and Councils of the Royal Society are fallible, like other institutions. The fair question is, have they upon the whole chosen fairly? If in each year twelve, or even ten, of those selected by the Council are well chosen and are such men as we see in the above list, what an improvement would be effected in a few years!

Within the present century such a list of candidates for the Royal Society as is now before that body has not appeared in any year;—and to what is this due but to the numerical limitation? Break this down, and it becomes a matter of canvas; the more highly qualified men abstain from being proposed, as many have done under the old system,—and those least qualified actively canvas. I have been myself urgently pressed to vote for one or two of those who have not a shadow of claim.

For many years a strong feeling has existed among scientific men that the Fellowship of the Society should be more limited and the candidates more carefully selected. Committees including the very highest scientific names which this century has produced have recommended an annual limitation as the only means reconcileable with the Charter of effecting this object; and the instant this object is in some degree promoted, at very great personal sacrifice and annoyance to those who promoted it, a reaction commences, because all are not pleased. It is an easy argument to say, why should there not be sixteen or seventeen good men as well as fifteen; but those conversant with the practical working of any body of men know that when everybody is eligible and there is no restriction in numbers it becomes a slur not to be elected; and no one has a sufficiently strong interest in the welfare of a corporation to incur the odium of objecting—or if any do, it is attributed to personal feeling.

I write in no controversial spirit. Mr. Busk is unknown to me, but I hear him highly spoken of. He will stand higher in the estimation of those who think rightly if, having subjected his qualifications to a tribunal, he acquiesces in the judgment of that tribunal, and patiently waits for a short time, conscious that such is the best way to assist in making that which he seeks a real honour.

I quite agree that, *ceteris paribus*, it is well to partition the sciences as much as may be consistent with other claims; but I protest against that partisan spirit which arrays one branch of science against another and creates an antagonism where none was intended to exist. The effect is, that scientific men get defeated by this intestine warfare,—and third parties, having no scientific claims, creep in and seize their honours. With regard to Mr. Beck, the other candidate named in your correspondent's letter, such diverse opinions exist as to his qualifications that the Council may well be excused for waiting until some definite judgment is arrived at. If he be right and his antagonists wrong, "time will bring in its revenges." He will be amply remunerated for any injustice which may have been done to

him. Certain it is, that the highest physiologists are at variance as to his merits.

Your correspondent speaks of the influence of the Council:—a body with less power scarcely exists. Exclusively of the permanent officers, ten out of sixteen are changed annually: there are some nine or ten meetings in a year; and very little knowledge of corporate institutions is needed to show the weakness of such a body,—a body in which (much as it may be envied by those who have not belonged to it) no great anxiety exists to serve a second time. Indeed, some of the highest scientific men of the country will not accept the thankless office,—and the number of those who decline or express their desire not to be nominated is gradually increasing.

While the Society was stagnant the Council was reproached for its stagnation and for the improper mode in which Fellows were elected. The moment it shows some energy it is still more blamed for its activity.

I have made what inquiries I could into the mode of choice exercised by the Council in selecting the candidates,—and I sincerely believe that not a taint of favouritism can be charged against them.

Your correspondent points to Mr. Bell as one who should be the champion of a party. He would ill discharge his duties if he became so:—gratitude is no proper reason for selecting an F.R.S.

The subject is important. Let the Fellows, I repeat, not think, in voting, of this year only,—but of the future character of the Royal Society. In a very few years the machine will work more easily:—and never could a fairer earnest of success be given than that presented by the lists of candidates since the reform measures were passed.

I am, &c. A.

With some remarks of another correspondent we conclude.—

"On the present occasion," he says, "the opposition is particularly unfortunate, as it separates the friends of reform from one another and gives strength to their opponents,—who would delight in nothing so much as in seeing everything miscarry that has been done to get rid of the numerous abuses of the Royal Society. I, for one, am greatly in favour of the method of selection; but with regard to the number to be selected, it was and is a very difficult question to decide—because you have to think not only of this, but of all subsequent years. I very much doubt whether you would have fifteen men of the due degree of merit presenting themselves every year. If they did, it would be time enough to make an addition to the number to be selected. It certainly does not appear to be desirable to do so on the first occasion of an overflow—caused in a great measure by several presenting themselves as candidates who would not have done so on the previous method of election. Without a limitation of numbers many of the evils of the old system would recur in the presentation of candidates and in their friends canvassing. With limitation, you have every probability of getting fifteen good men to become Fellows of the Royal Society. Those who are not selected in the first year can be elected in the year following; and there ought not to be greater objection to waiting on the books of the Royal Society than on those of the Athenæum Club. With respect to the men selected, it is utterly impossible to have a list which will be satisfactory to all parties when fifteen are to be selected out of at least twenty who are worthy of being elected. The mode of making up the lists is perhaps unfavourable to the best possible list being made up,—because it is the method now, I understand, for each member of Council to send in his own list after having discussed the merits of the several candidates. This method, though liable to objections, has been adopted for the purpose of getting rid of the old system of nomination, when a list was presented to the Council which was said to have been prepared by the officers of the Society, but turned out to be that of some particular officer. I myself prepared a list of fifteen before seeing that of the Council, and then requested several friends to do the same. It is not surprising that not two of these lists agree. The present method of selection and limitation of numbers if persevered in for a few years will produce a very different condition of the Royal Society,—when

the majority of its members will consist of those eminent in Science, in Literature, in Arts,—and the questions relating to the Society will be decided by those only who are competent to take them into consideration in all their bearings."

OUR WEEKLY GOSHIP.

A correspondent writes to us as follows on the subject of the Grenville Library in the British Museum:—and if the facts be as he represents them, we think our readers will agree with us that he has made out a strong case for the immediate interference of some competent authority on behalf of that ill-used body, the Public.

Having occasion to make some investigations on an interesting point connected with early English literature, I went to the British Museum a few days since for the purpose of ascertaining what books there were in the national collection calculated to throw light on my inquiries. Having been somewhat disappointed at the result of my examination of the General Catalogue and of that of the Royal Library, I was about leaving when I recollect the Grenville Collection. I looked for the Catalogue,—but not seeing one, I asked one of the attendants where it was kept. I was answered by him, "There is no copy in the Reading Room:—you must write for it if you want it. You will find it in the Catalogue under 'Payne'." Surprised at this announcement—as you will, I think, admit I well might be—I asked, "But do you mean to say the books are not yet available to the public?"—"No, sir, not generally," was the reply; "but I dare say, if there be any you want, if you write a note to Mr. Panizzi he will let you see them." Of course, I did not choose to avail myself of this suggestion,—requesting as a personal favour the use of books which I feel should long before this have been at the free and unrestrained service of the public, in the same way as the rest of the collection. I had at the time a pretty strong conviction in my own mind that the books had been in the possession of the Trustees for upwards of two years,—and that Mr. Panizzi had at the time of Mr. Grenville's munificent bequest succeeded in procuring for their deposit a separate department, which had been originally intended for the reception of manuscripts. What turns out to be the case? On reference to the *Athenæum* of the 27th of February 1847, I find my impression confirmed by a statement that "the concluding portion of Mr. Grenville's books" had then been "deposited in the British Museum, for which a special room had been provided." Surely, to use the well-remembered words of a well-known statesman, "This is too bad!" Two years and a quarter after Mr. Grenville's gift had been placed in the British Museum—in separate and distinct room, and accompanied by an excellently printed Catalogue—there is not only no copy of that Catalogue in the Reading Room, but the books themselves are not accessible to the frequenters of the Museum without the trouble and ceremony of a private note to Mr. Panizzi. If the Trustees do not remedy this crying evil within a week, the Royal Commission ought to do it for them.

The Earl of Rosse gave his third Soirée as President of the Royal Society on Saturday last. There were several models and inventions exhibited:—the most remarkable amongst the latter being a machine for manufacturing printing types without fusing the metal and pouring it into moulds. The inventor, M. Petit, effects his process by the use of steel dies and matrices which by means of powerful pressure impress the letters, &c., on copper fashioned into quadrangular strips of indefinite length wound round a cylinder. The hardness of ordinary copper over type metal is in the proportion of 100 to 1. A London firm employed to print stamps for the Government is in the habit of using raised copper surfaces for the purpose:—no less than 125,000,000 impressions have been taken from one of their plates. The density of the copper used in the manufacture of type is considerably increased by the compression which it undergoes by the machinery of M. Petit. The machine produces thirty-two types per minute; and it would be difficult to exceed the typographic neatness of the character. Specimens of the type and printing were distributed among those present. —M. Niepce exhibited a drawing produced by the following ingenious process.—An engraving is placed in a box containing iodine at such a temperature that a small portion is vaporized. The ink of the engraving condenses a much greater proportion of the vapour than the mere blank paper; so that when after a few minutes the engraving is taken out, exposed a moment or two to the air, and then laid on a film or two of starch, part of the iodine becomes detached from the engraving, and is transferred to the film of starch, producing a very delicate and beautiful copy of the engraving. As may be supposed, there are many niceties required which M. Niepce only can practise with perfection. It is necessary to inclose the film of starch between two glass plates in order to preserve it.

Dr. Beke has requested us to give publicity to the

following letter—which he has found himself obliged to address to the subscribers of the Fund for the Expedition of Dr. Biallobotzky.—

"It is my unpleasant duty to announce that Dr. Biallobotzky has been compelled to relinquish his intended exploratory journey into Eastern Africa—When that traveller left England in June, 1848, it was arranged that he should proceed to the Church Missionary Station at Rabbat-Empia, near Mombas, on the east coast of Africa, in about 4° S. lat. From this point it was anticipated that, through the kind offices of the missionaries there, he would be able to penetrate into the country of the friendly Wakamasas; with whom (as it is stated in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* of the present month, p. 12) "our missionaries are in continual communication, and who carry on a commercial intercourse between the sea-coast and the main body of their own tribe, which lies from 400 to 600 miles distant in the interior." The repeated exploratory journeys to a considerable distance inland recently made by the Rev. Mr. Rebmann, have shown (to use that missionary's words in the *Church Missionary Record* of February last, p. 32) that "the character of these people is free from that savagery which would render it unadvisable for one or two individuals only to reside in their country."—The only danger or difficulty to which it was contemplated Dr. Biallobotzky might be exposed, was in passing through the tribes occupying the coast districts, from some of whom M. Maizan, a French traveller, lately met his death; but it was considered that the friendly assistance of his countrymen, the missionaries, would obviate all apprehension on this score.—In February last Dr. Biallobotzky arrived at Zanzibar on his way to Mombas, taking with him letters of recommendation from Capt. Haines, R.N., the Political Agent at Aden, to Capt. Hamerton, Her Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar and the East India Company's Resident with the Imam of Muscat. This officer received the traveller very hospitably and kindly, but raised the strongest objections to his journey, and refused to aid him in its prosecution. The Rev. Dr. Krapf, to whom I gave Dr. Biallobotzky a recommendation, and who came over from Rabbat-Empia to Zanzibar to see him, also declined assisting him, and even objected (as likewise did Capt. Hamerton) to his accompanying him as far only as the Missionary Station.—This withholding of assistance on the part of individuals possessing, from their position, such authority and influence, being virtually a prohibition of Dr. Biallobotzky's further progress, he felt himself under the necessity of abandoning his undertaking and of returning to Aden, from which place he addressed a letter to me on the 1st inst.—Dr. Biallobotzky states that Capt. Hamerton promised to write to me and to send a copy of his letter to the Government at home,—so that his motives might be clearly understood. Dr. Krapf also promised to communicate with me in reply to my letter to him. As yet I have not heard from either.—Grieved and disappointed as I feel at this frustration of my endeavours in the cause of African discovery—feelings which I fear will be shared by those who have kindly co-operated in providing the funds for a journey which has proved so unsuccessful—it is some consolation to know that the Church Missionaries are actively engaged in exploring the interior of Eastern Africa; and from their exertions we may expect to see, ere long, the solution of the great geographical problem which it was hoped that Dr. Biallobotzky would have had the good fortune to accomplish.

Arrangements have been made at the Colonial Office to fill the situation of Superintendent of the Botanic Garden of Ceylon, vacant on the death of Dr. Gardner, by the appointment of Mr. Thwaites of Bristol. This gentleman has been long favourably known to botanists for his physiological investigations of the lower forms of plants; more especially on account of his late discovery of the conjugation of the Diatomaceæ—showing to be animals, so to speak, what were hitherto referred to the vegetable kingdom. Mr. Thwaites observed the process of conjugation in the *Eunotia turgida* of Ehrenberg, and some other species, from the union of the endochrome of the frustules to the perfect development of the sporangium. His eminent knowledge of cryptogamic plants will be of value;—but we would counsel him not to allow his microscopic researches to interfere with the general cultivation of practical and economic botany so ably commenced by his predecessor.

The first report of the newly constructed Cambridge Board of Mathematical Studies has made its appearance. It gives a history of the alterations of the details of the examinations for honours made at various times in the last twenty years, mentions the books which have been published during the same period, and states the present condition of the University Professorships. It is a mere preamble, and must derive all its interest, so far as the public is concerned, from the steps which are subsequently taken. There is one point, however, on which a simple statement is made. Our readers may remember that we pointed out to them as a striking defect in the Cambridge elementary works—a consequence of the mode of examination—that they consisted of what we profanely and irreverently called *examination-snips*, to be gotten up and written out. The Board says "Generally . . . the introduction of each new subject

was preceded by the publication of a treatise on the subject by a Cambridge mathematician, in which the propositions were enunciated and proved in a manner suitable to the established system of examination." The Board accordingly confirms our statement, though it does not adopt our term. It is also said that "Woodhouse's Physical Astronomy, and his Treatise on Isoperimetrical Problems . . . not being composed in a form adapted to the University system of examinations . . . had not made a general impression." The Board here goes beyond us: it avows that not only works which consist of examination-snips are the favourites, but that works which are not so fabricated are not generally read. We cannot but suppose that these statements have a purpose:—and we see them with great pleasure. It is admitted that the facts, whatever may be thought of them, are so prominent that they must be put forward, either for attack or for defence. Now, we feel that the moment works which avoid what cannot be written out—which means, written with tolerable brevity and marked preference for symbolic operation over reasoning—are dragged into the light of public discussion, their own darkness will cease to be taken for light. We anticipate some defence for them—some adherence to their defects; but we do not believe that it can be effective. We are satisfied that to show them is to "show them up." We cannot, of course, tell whether this defence will emanate from the Board itself—very likely not. But the advantage which we expected to accrue from the formation of the Board begins to appear. The details of the system of instruction are stated, its marked points are brought forward: discussion will follow statement, and reformation will follow discussion. In the meanwhile, our readers will observe that the *system of examination* is at once put upon its trial. The books which are before the world are, as to their structure, made *suitable* to that system. If then the books be defective in structure, so is the system. We are creeping on, one step at a time; and the end will be, that the University will act upon the maxim that the books ought to dictate the system of examination, —and not *vice versa*.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TEAFLAGAR SQUARE. The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN. Admission, from Eight o'clock till Seven, &c.; Catalogue, 1s. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society IS NOW OPEN AT THEIR GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL, NEAR ST. JAMES'S PALACE, FROM NINE O'CLOCK TILL DUSK.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1d.

JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—New Exhibition, representing the VALEY OF ROSENLAUL, Berne Oberland, with the scene of SWITZERLAND AND THE BERNER ALPES; and the CHURCH OF SANCTA CROCE, at FLORENCE, with all the evolutions of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Machine Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Pictures. Open from Ten till Six.

Admission, 1s.; Children, 6d.—CATHEDRALS of COLOGNE and ROUEN. The imitable and colossal Model of the CATHEDRAL of COLOGNE, which has been honoured with the approbation of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The dimensions are eight feet long, eight feet high and four feet eight inches broad; and was made by Mr. Bright & Co., and introduced into the piece of workmanship was completed in eight years and seventeen days; also a Magnificent Model of the CATHEDRAL of ROUEN; at the COSMOPOLIS, Regent Street, from Ten in the Morning till Dusk.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A LECTURE ON FLORAL BOTANY, by Thomas Graham, Esq., M.R.C.S., on Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays, at Half-past Three. LECTURES BY DR. BRIGHAM, on the various modes of producing ARTIFICIAL LIGHT, in which the ELECTRIC LIGHT, the OXY-HYDROGEN LIGHT, and the ELECTRIC LIGHT will be exhibited in juxtaposition. A LECTURE ON CHARACTER, with MUSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, by J. Russell, Esq., every Evening, at Eight o'clock. DR. BRIGHAM on XEROTHERMOPHIC PHILOSOPHY. THE MICROSOPHIC. THE DISSOLVING VIEWS include Scenes in YAN DIEMEN'S LAND, from Original Drawings taken on the spot by J. Skinner Prout, Esq.; also a NEW SERIES OF DIORAMIC EFFECTS, by Mr. Childs. NEW CHROMATROPE. DIVER AND DIVING BELL.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-pice.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 25.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. Carpmael 'On recent Improvements in the Manufacture of Carpets.' Mr. Carpmael commenced by shortly explaining the nature and texture of Turkey, Persian, and Brussels carpets. In the making of the first two, the artist is in no way restricted in designing patterns: any design may be executed, because each knot of the colour and pattern is done by hand in progress of weaving. In the manufacture of Brussels carpeting, on the contrary, the artist is restricted by reason of the pattern being produced from the warp

of the fabric. Hence only a few colours can be employed in the direction of the length of a piece of carpeting; and, in fact, with few exceptions, the best Brussels carpets have ever consisted of five colours, and are what are technically called "five-framed carpets,"—in which four-fifths of the worsted yarn are buried in the fabric, and one-fifth only comes to the surface. Mr. Carpmael stated, that till lately carpets had all been woven by hand,—the pattern being produced by the aid of draw boys, or by means of Jacquard cards. Within the last few years, two mechanical inventions had been introduced—one by Mr. Wood, and the other by Mr. Sevier. The first is for working by power, and for introducing and withdrawing the wires used to raise the pile. The second is for a loom, with instruments to take hold of the warp, so as to dispense with the use of wires. The next improvement noticed was that invented by Mr. Whytock, of Edinburgh, and which is now very largely worked by Messrs. Crosley & Co. of Halifax, Yorkshire,—of which manufacture many very beautiful specimens were placed in the theatre. This invention consists of employing printed warp in such a manner that all the wool is brought to the surface; and the substance of such carpeting, in place of consisting largely of wool, as heretofore, depends on a less costly but stronger material. By this invention the simplest loom only is required; and the designer is in no way restricted as to variety of colour. Any design of the artist may be executed, however many colours may be required,—increased numbers of colours not enhancing the cost. The peculiarity of this process consists of printing the separate yarns of which a warp is to be composed; and this is done in such manner, that each yarn having had its colour applied thereto, and the proper number brought together side by side to constitute a warp, the desired pattern is produced. Each yarn is wound on a cylinder of large diameter, having a graduated scale thereon, so that children (who apply the colour), having pattern papers before them, have only to notice what colours are on the successive divisions of the pattern-papers, and to apply the colour in succession by passing colour-rollers across the surface of yarn wound on the cylinder,—thus making simple marks of colour on the yarn at intervals, which being according to the designs on the papers, when the several yarns constituting a warp come together, the pattern is produced; and the warp being woven into a fabric with raised pile by the use of wires, the most beautiful and varied results are obtained. This process was readily made clear by the aid of diagrams, which showed enlarged pattern-papers.—The next improvement to which attention was called was that of Messrs. Templeton & Co. of Glasgow,—which consists of a very important modification of the old Chenille weaving. Several very elegant specimens were produced. Formerly, in weaving Chenille shawls, the woven wavy was twisted so as to cause the fibres to stand off in all directions, by which both sides of the fabric woven therewith were alike. Hence, when the wavy was woven with different colours, and according to design, the pattern appeared on both sides. In applying this class of weaving to the carpet manufacturers, Messrs. Templeton & Co. have caused the wavy to be so woven that the two edges have a tendency to come together, so that when woven into a fabric the whole pile comes to one surface; by which the most elegant results are obtained; and here, again, the designer has the fullest latitude. These points were rendered clear by the aid of diagrams and specimens of the woven wavy.—The next improvement explained was that lately introduced by Messrs. Bright & Co.,—which consists of printing Brussels carpets by the process of block-printing. Several specimens were produced, which gave considerable promise. Mr. Carpmael also explained a machine, the invention of Mr. Wood, for using rollers for like descriptions of work in place of blocks. The difficulty of printing Brussels carpeting consists in getting the colour to penetrate into the pile without spreading. This is only to be accomplished by repeated impressions;—hence the difficulty of using blocks or rollers, so that they shall keep register with several colours, and at the same time repeat accurately several times on the same surfaces. The last improvement was one lately introduced by Mr. Wood,—which consists of employing a soft hock wavy in weaving Brussels carpeting, in place of in-

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MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mos. British Architects, 8.—
- Chemical, 8.—
- Royal Institution, 2.—Monthly.
- Inst. of Civil Engineers, 9.—Monthly Ballot for Mem
bers.—Mr. Howard 'On the Method of Rolling the Links of
the Chains of Suspension Bridges.'
- Linnean, 8.
- Royal, half-past 8.—Election of Fellows.
- Zoological, 3.—General Business.
- Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Sir Charles Lyell 'On the
Deltaic Alluvial Plains of the Mississippi, Ancient and
Modern.'
- Philosophical, 8.
- Astronomical, 8.
- Horticultural.—Meeting at Chiswick.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Paintings.

In the works of Mr. J. Linnell we are always sure of excellence—excellence as well of theory as in mystery over the manipulative appliances of his art. A subject of but slight interest in itself, *Sand-Pits* (No. 404), has in his hands grown into a work of much interest. The incidents peculiar to such a locality have all found place in the picture; but it is the science which has turned to advantage every petty detail of colour that proclaims at once the "painter's eye" and the sound sense that has not suffered the fancy to mislead it into exaggeration. The exception is in the want of more massive conduct in the forms of the clouds. In their present pettiness and distribution they scarcely maintain that breadth which is so much to be admired in all the rest of the picture. In *The Return of Ulysses* (445) this artist does not show himself to similar advantage. Classical themes are not his forte. While he raises the level of his subject in the pastoral, in the classic or historic he falls beneath it.

Long residence among high examples does not seem to have inspired Mr. Penny Williams in the right direction. His three contributions are only three further proofs of the care with which in his summer rambling among the Italian mountains his studio is stocked with accidental circumstance. Art records of the kind, referring to the devotional exercises or the pastimes of the people, are far too numerous to have left much chance of novelty to Mr. Williams. That which he has done is noted down with his accustomed care and precision; but with an absence of that decision in light and shade and that vigorous contrast in colour which should have enhanced the truth of his scenes. The themes on which Mr. Williams occupies himself have little sympathy with those exercises for which the great galleries of the imperial city are famed; and he would probably, therefore, gain a new impulse and improve his style by more direct communication with eminent works of the day and their authors. His pictures here are *A Mother praying to the Madonna for the Recovery of her Sick Child* (132), *The Italian Mother* (152), and *The Fountain—a Scene at Molade Gata* (326).

'The Tempest' has supplied Mr. Poole with three subjects—making one whole: *Ferdinand declaring his Love to Miranda* (383), *The Conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio* (384), and *Ferdinand and Miranda discovered by Alonso at the Entrance to the Cave, playing at Chess* (385). Each of these exhibits fancy and that disposition to self-reliance which, while it is expressive of originality of view, sometimes tends to eccentricity.

Innocence and Guilt (397) is the title given to a production of one of our youngest aspirants to fame—Mr. A. Rankley. The following lines by Hogg are intended to describe its subject:—

To woman's heart, when fair and free,
Her sins seem great and manifold;
When sunk in guilt and misery
No crime can then her soul behold.

Designed by its author for the illustration of a moral after the Hogarthian fashion, few, we think, will consent to the probability of his example. In Hogarth, while incident is employed for the amplification and statement of his idea even to the verge of the improbable, there is never a shock to our prejudices, and vice is always so depicted as to repel the beholder.

Mr. Rankley has chosen a mode of contrasting his subject by extremes in situation which, far-fetched in themselves, are questionable in taste. Without affectation of prudery, we must declare that he might have selected a means of enforcing his moral at once more forcible and less objectionable. As a painter, Mr. Rankley brings to his task improved resources; and, bating a certain similarity of physiognomical character among the charity children, who look like sisters by blood as well as by institution, his intention is technically well rendered.

Grasmere (258) is an excellent landscape by Mr. Witherington:—so of *Ambleton, Westmoreland* (536). Both are expressive of the same powers, in recording Nature in her Northern varieties, which gained him reputation as a transcriber of the features of Kent. The hop-gardens of the latter, nevertheless, invite back this painter to the presentation of some of the most characteristic incidents in the agricultural life of our island.

Mr. H. N. O'Neill's *Mozart's last Moments* (488) is derived from the affecting description in Mr. Holmes's life of the composer.—"At two o'clock on the same day, which was that of his death, he had been visited by some performers of Schikaneder's theatre,—his intimate friends. The ruling passion was now strongly exemplified. He desired the score of the 'Requiem' to be brought, and it was sung by his visitors round his bed, himself taking the alto part. They had proceeded as far as the first bars of the 'Lacrymosa,' when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping." The picture is well grouped, and painted with much firmness,—and as far as can be judged of the details, they are wrought with care. *Consulting the Astrologer* (332) is the oft-told tale of female curiosity seeking to anticipate the secrets of futurity at the hands of the mystic who makes his market of credulity. The picture is wanting in the charms of feminine beauty,—and wants also the simplification of effect which the suppression of much of the details of the background would have given. Both pictures are proofs of the painter's unremitting zeal.

In the delineation of animal nature, repose rather than action is the condition commonly selected by our artists. The exceptions are rare:—but here we have one in Mr. Ansdell's large picture of *The Wolf Slayer* (538). This is a composition of great ability,—the various forms being delivered with remarkable spirit and energy. We have never before seen the painter so successful: and his success on the present occasion is owing as much to the independence and originality of the style as to the more refined execution and more freshly contrasted character of the tints. The picture, we repeat, is a great advance on all Mr. Ansdell's previous efforts,—and is in a new mode of thinking, which he will do wisely to pursue.

Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's *Syrens three* (159) shows an improvement in his description of human forms. His composition, like Mr. Frost's of the same subject, draws upon the knowledge and taste derived from the comparison of antique sculpture with the accidental character of the living figure. The combinations are good, and the contours are correct. The colour in many of the forms is of especial beauty, and an improved sense of harmony reigns in the general effect. *The Maids of Aleyna, the Enchantress endeavouring to tempt Roger* (463) is not so good as a composition, nor so correct in drawing; but it is another proof of Mr. Pickersgill's talent as a colourist and of his general good taste and fancy in the department of poetical art.

Mr. Dyce's picture this year is less demonstrative than is usual with his works of study at the highest sources. *Omnia Vanitas* (43) refers rather to the schools on this side the Apennines than to the Florentine or Umbrian masters. His Magdalen forms are less correct in their proportions than is customary with this erudite artist.

There is so much ability and spirit in two works by men young in age and in fame, mixed up with so much that is obsolete and dead in practice, that some remark is demanded on a system whose tendency may be hurtful to our growing artists and to our school. *The Isabella* (31) of Mr. J. E. Millais, imagined from a poem by Keats, and *Rienzi vowing to obtain Justice for the Death of his younger Brother slain in a skirmish between the Colonna and Orsini Factions* (324), by Mr. Hunt, are both by artists with

whose names we have had before but slight acquaintance. Both are a recurrence to the expression of a time when the art was in a state of transition or progression rather than of accomplishment. If the artist must have some particular model for his practice, the perfect rather than the imperfect would surely be a wise adoption. When a German critic recommends "clinging to the old masters assiduously, emulating their unalterable truth and beauty, till they become a second nature to eye and soul," his advice must be accepted in an enlarged and philosophical sense, not in that literal and narrow view which would reproduce a mere phase in the gradual development of the art. As unwise would it be were the literary student to recur to days when our vernacular was under the immediate influence of German or French association for his phraseology in a time when our language is rich and complete. The German authority above alluded to, speaking of the spirit in which previous practice may be followed, very justly observes,—"To attempt to engraft the genius of foreign nations upon our own is indeed a most dangerous experiment. National art and taste are infallibly destroyed, and foreign excellency is rarely if ever attained. The justice of these remarks as applied to the imitative system in painting must be evident, and the inconsistency to which it leads is subversive of all national characteristics," &c. The faults of the two pictures under consideration are the results of the partial views which have led their authors to the practice of a time when knowledge of light and shade and of the means of imparting due relief by the systematic conduct of aerial perspective had not obtained. Without the aid of these in the treatment of incident and costume, we get but such pictorial form of expression as seen through the magnifying medium of a lens would be presented to us in the medieval illumination of the chronicle or the romance. Against this choice of pictorial expression let the student be cautioned. He may gain admirers by it among those whose antiquarian prejudices may be gratified by the clever revival of the merely curious; but he will fail to win the sympathies of those who know what are the several integral parts necessary to making up the great sum of truth.

In classing together these two works, it should be understood that reference is made merely to the correspondence of view which has actuated both artists. In their several elaborations there is a marked difference. Mr. Millais has manifested the larger amount of resource. There is excellent action, painting, and character in the several heads of his picture—well distinguished in age and sex,—and in certain occasional passages of incident and of form: but the picture is injured by the utter want of rationality in the action of a prominent figure,—carried almost to the verge of caricature. This figure extends his unwieldy leg in the immediate front of the picture so as not merely to divide attention with but to appropriate all the interest from the love-sick Lorenzo and the fair Isabel—who

Could not sit at meals but felt how well

It soothed each to be the other by.

In addition to this absurd piece of mannerism, there is in the picture that inlaid look—that hard monotony of contour and absence of shadow—which are due to the causes before stated.—In Mr. Hunt's picture it is the intention or design alone which can be estimated: and there are force of thought and concentration of purpose, though expressed in such affected language.

Mr. J. C. Hook has a picture of *The Chevalier Bayard wounded at Brescia* (177), where "fair, virtuous and well-trained" damsels "afforded much pastime to the Chevalier during his illness by their choice singing, playing on the lute, and their much cunning needlework." In the selection of his theme Mr. Hook reminds us in no slight degree of the time when it was the wont of Mr. Eastlake to recur to the page of the Italian historian or romance. His mantle, since he has all but abandoned our Exhibitions, has fallen on no unworthy shoulders. Mr. Hook's 'Bayard' exhibits a like acquaintance with and appreciation of the virtues of Venetian art,—and is in taste and refinement no way inferior, nor in the union with these of the severer qualities of form and character. Neither has Mr. Hook shown any inferiority in the power of telling his story,—or

in a sense of the balance of colour and of general harmony. Less to our taste is *Othello's first suspicion* (382), though it is impassioned in sentiment and vigorous in colour. *Piazza Capello* (517) unites with the others to satisfy us that Mr. Hook will be one of the prominent men of his day.

A Watteau-like sense of elegance and gaiety has been infused by Mr. W. D. Kennedy into a landscape and figures called *Happy Hours—Italy as it was* (419). There is much of grace in the employment of the figures as well as in their several actions,—and of life and buoyancy in the selection of colour; but there is a uniformity of touch in the vegetation, which is inexpressive of species, and looks monotonous. In all other respects this picture speaks of experience of eye and facility of hand.

Mr. Cope's *First Born* (207) ingeniously represents an ordinary incident on the scale of nature, in a canvas of small extent. A young married pair are bending over the slumber of their child. The general truth of the actions is not sustained, owing to an involvement of contour occasioned by the pose of the sleeping infant; which, besides being untrue, is destructive of that idea of simplicity and artlessness that belongs to infancy. *Griselda's First Trial* (117) is the coloured study for the fresco in the House of Lords;—and *Fireside Musings* (100) is a simple figure of a girl sitting by the chimney of a modernly appointed house. The details in this are wrought with all the perfection of the *genre*-school, and declare the versatility of the artist's powers.

There is a look of so much fact—such genuine and honest working—in an *Interior of an English Cottage* (39), by Mr. G. Hardy, that we hope to make future acquaintance with the artist on more extended scale and in more important subject. Another little interior entitled *The Grandmother* (475), where she is seen instructing a child, is equally an evidence of his talent.

Mr. A. Solomon has been more fortunate than usual in his choice of incident,—*The Academy for Instruction in the Discipline of the Fan*, 1711 (497), from *The Spectator*. The artist has introduced us into the school-room where the pedagogue in flirtation is imparting to a class of as varied, quick, and ready scholars as master ever found the several evolutions with which conquest or annihilation is to be dealt out by the instrument in question. "Women," says the paper referred to, "are armed with fans as men are with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court." Mr. Solomon shows not only the youthful beauty anxious to enhance by every little grace or less favoured class anxious to lose no means that may help to supply their absent place. He has thus gained contrast to heighten the value of his individualities. The forms of beauty and of plainness are in their separate characters and befitting gestures costumed and appointed to a nicely. The painter shows both propriety and humour. The air with which the instructor manoeuvres his fan is comic even to the verge of improbability. The figures are on a larger scale than is customary with this painter; and a greater fluency of style in handling has been the result of careful practice.

Mr. Severn has produced a small picture which he calls *The Holy Sepulchre* (549). It is one of those pictorial preachings which it is rarely the habit of our artists to execute,—and assuredly not much the disposition of the day to receive; and he labours under the disadvantages of the position in which he has thus placed himself. The language of allegory in Art has long ceased to be a medium through which to address the mind—whether that may be attributed to degeneracy of poetic feeling or to the advance of common sense. Our sources of knowledge are now so abundant, so varied, and so clear, that forms of expression which meet us in hieroglyph or in cipher fail comparatively of their appeal, and will find few who have time or disposition to interpret them. The description which Mr. Severn has thought it necessary to give in the Catalogue of his intention—describing the motives of the actions and expressions in his picture—is a

criticism on its obscurity. The explanation which announces that a particular angel is looking up or looking down in an expression of joy or woe, has, too, so much of the language of the showman as to provoke irreverent emotion where all should be solemnity and respect. The merits of the greatest technical skill would scarcely suffice to redeem from such untoward association—and the time and undisputed talents of this artist would be better exercised on themes more in accordance with the spirit of the age. Mr. Severn has shown some clever painting in the details of figures and in the landscape background; though a greater difference in the forms of the heads would have been more consistent with the variety of emotions intended to be conveyed. There is enough in the picture to prove that with a more suitable theme Mr. Severn would have done more credit to his name.

Each succeeding visit to the Exhibition adds to the conviction that they who had charge of the hanging have had small consideration for the most important and difficult range of the art. It would be invidious to point to the numerous particular instances of preference given to examples in the humbler departments. Commonplace landscapes, commonplace transcriptions of animals, and vulgar versions in portraiture meet the eye at every turn—while placed high is seen some work of pretension whose merits demanded a better place, and whose better placing would have lent greater attraction and variety to the general aspect of the show. *Christ bearing the Cross* (439), by Mr. W. H. Darley—a name of which we have not before heard—is one of these latter instances. This is a half figure well intentioned, with good and just expression; with faulty drawing, it may be admitted, but conceived in a spirit not slightly congenial with the pathos of Piombo.

By means of Mr. J. Chalon's little scene *Tourists in the Tyrol* (92) the traveller is enabled to renew acquaintance with a portion of some of the most interesting country in Europe. Slight and sketchy in its execution, it yet brings before the mind vividly all the circumstances of the scene.—The well-chosen situation of the little summer-house, which commands so good a view of the lake—the neighbouring villa—the introduction of the tourists who, spy-glass in hand, are scrutinizing the beauties stretched out before and around them—all contribute to the spirit of the view. Of the two little studies by Mr. Jones—*Swanilda, accused of crime, exposed to be killed by wild horses* (168), of which the able chiaroscuro drawing will be remembered—and the *Sketch for an Altar-piece* (173),—the last will be best liked. Presenting an episode of the hour of the Crucifixion, Mr. Jones shows how the rocks were rent, and in the general convulsion of nature masses of human beings participated in the confusion of the time. The main incident is alluded to by the appearance of Calvary in the extreme distance. The thought is highly poetic—and is worthy to be reproduced in enlarged dimensions.

There is considerable sentiment in a little picture of a mother watching the slumbers of her child,—*The Passion Flower* (437), by Mr. John Bridges. The sweet tones in the half shadow thrown over the infant contribute to the air of repose; and its other refinements are heightened by their marked opposition to the tint and character of the parent who is anxiously regarding her offspring.

Mr. H. Pickersgill, jun. has this year again made progress in a scene from *Thierry's History* (470) where Robert surnamed "The Devil" first obtains sight of his future wife. One day, returning from the chase, he beheld a young girl of Falaise, with whose beauty he was struck, as he looked on her washing linen, with her companions, in a stream.—She became the mother of William the Conqueror. This is an ambitious composition,—to which Mr. Pickersgill has brought the qualification of increased breadth and largeness of style that is indicative of future excellence.

Of the many younger painters of the *genre* school more steady advance is observable in few than in Mr. Philip.—His *Drawing for the Militia* (284) exhibits the boldness of his style and his vigour and facility of execution. These impart to his conceptions a masculine character, which, while it is singular, avoids vulgarity.—Representing the time of a century since, he has suffered no incident to escape him that

should contribute to the telling of his story. To the large accoutred figure in the foreground who stands with his back presented to the spectator, we should take exception,—as, besides its tendency to coarseness of sentiment, occasioning an interference from the magnitude of its scale with the main action in the mid-distance of the piece.

Sculpture.

The Startled Nymph, a marble statue (No. 1205) by Mr. Behnes, is a work of great beauty. It represents a nymph apparently about to descend into a stream to bathe,—and startled by the apparition of a lizard at her feet. The last drapery which she is in the act of throwing off gives support to the figure. The nymph character—semi-divine, yet in many of its attributes "of the earth earthy"—is well suggested. The limbs are modelled into the perfection of forms that are human, and the features have a serious and abstract expression which speaks of the finer essence within.—The same artist has a colossal statue in marble of the late Sir William Follett (1204); which presents the great lawyer in his robes,—his left hand resting on a scroll. The costume does not lend itself favourably to sculpture. The stiff neckcloth, the formal cut-away coat, the buttoned waistcoat, and the not very picturesque robes of the Queen's Counsel, are difficult elements for the chisel to work with;—and a pile of books (which suggest themselves at once as law books) help the truth—but not the poetry—of the presentment. Mr. Behnes, however, has mastered these difficulties with a skilful hand,—and produced a striking likeness of the eminent original.

Eurydice, by Mr. Macdonald, (1217), is another example of the want of thought which uninspirational the works of so many of our sculptors. Some of the most eminent of them, in place and name, are yet content to work only with the chisel—over which they have obtained a mastery—not with the mind. Here, now, are face and figure worthy to represent the sweetness and beauty for whose recovery from the grave love was inspired with strength to brave the terrors of the realm of shades,—and which was lost for ever to that same love by means of its own excess also inspired. Nothing need be more graceful than the modelling of this figure in limb and attitude:—but it fails in expression and in action. The sentiment of the situation supposed is wholly absent. Here is Eurydice in the immediate presence of her doom,—startled by the touch of the snake which stung her to death; yet on her sweet face there is neither fear, nor loathing, nor surprise,—and the right hand which is extended towards the reptile that is coiling round her leg holds the drapery as deliberately and mincingly as if she were about to wipe away a spot of dirt. The action is irresistibly suggestive of that idea. If Orpheus had had the mechanical skill of a Paganini multiplied fifty-fold, he would never have won back his lost one from the unresounding Hades had he not been able to breathe into his music a soul which was the living principle of his lyre:—and no amount of technical excellency will enable Mr. Macdonald to give back the dead Eurydice to modern times while his art suggests the mournful incidents of her story yet deals essentially with the mere poetry of form.

Mr. Marshall exhibits (1213) a full-length *Statue of Thomas Campbell, to be erected in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey*. This is a fine work. The poet is represented in his robes of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow:—the left arm resting on a sort of altar, in whose front is sculptured in low relief a figure of Hope, with her torch. The altar is crowned by a pile of volumes; and the bard has in one hand a pencil and in the other a scroll,—is in fact "in the moment of projection." Our own objection is, to the determined and premeditated air and attitude of the inspiration. The head is raised as if in invocation, and a present communication between the Poet and the Muses is formally inferred. One step further on this path of presentment, and we should have had the fire from heaven descending at his call. The work, however, conveys all its own meanings—which is something; and to do this by means more transcendental belongs only to an inspiration akin to that which is here presumed. To make the fine and spiritual intentions of a poetical subject breathe out of the marble itself, rather than express themselves in any formal outward cha-

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A very fine specimen of bas-relief is Mr. E. G. Papworth's *Richard II. and Bolingbroke entering London* (1201).—

The Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke.
* * * I thank you, countrymen.

The scene is rendered with great truth and eloquence. The crowds on the path of the triumphant Bolingbroke are in motion,—and the contrast is excellently presented between his bold and ambitious bearing and the dejected air and attitude of the unfortunate monarch in presence of the popular

master, is given only to genius of the very highest order.—The admirers of Campbell may well be satisfied with this work by Mr. Marshall.

A group of *Venus and Cupid* (1211), by Mr. Davis, we mention only for the purpose of entering our earnest protest against the manner in which the sculptor has been treated by the arrangers. No considerations of whatever kind can justify the manner in which this group is placed; because had it been impossible for want of space to give it better standing, it should have been rejected from the Exhibition altogether. That the sculptor would never have consented to its remaining in the room on its present conditions, could he have known them, it is impossible to doubt. The placing is a positive insult to him. The group is a large one, to be viewed in front; but it has been turned sideways, like a house made to fit into a corner, so that only its gable end can be seen. We will not attempt to give an account of a work thus hidden. Its exhibition is here neutralized:—“de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.” We will give Mr. Davis the benefit of another Latin maxim:—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* We will suppose his work to be a good one,—but can have no information on the subject.

A statue of *Musidora* (1340), by Mr. J. Thomas, must not be overlooked in this Exhibition, though it has its place at the back,—figuring amongst the busts.

And fair exposed she stood, shrank from herself
With fancy blushing at the doubtful breeze,
Alarmed, and starting like the fearful fawn.

The original of this figure—as of how many a modern sculptured one besides—is the Medicene Venus. This deathless work has had a large sculpture progeny. Allowing, however, for this want of invention in the idea, the work before us is a fine one. The proportions are somewhat massive,—but the limbs are well modelled, and the turn of the head and pose of the figure are characteristic.

Our readers may remember that some time since our Roman correspondence gave them to understand that Mr. Gibson was engaged in that city on a bas-relief exhibiting *The Hours and the Horses of the Sun*. The result is here (1231);—and we hope the imagination of our readers has not been too highly excited by the promising title. What palsy has come over the hand of Mr. Gibson we know not;—but such a piece of modelling as this would discredit an academy student. It bears a striking likeness to the abalist work done for sale at Micali's shop in Leghorn,—and known to English loungers by the specimens in the Quadrant. What merit of design there is must be assigned to the frieze of the Parthenon—the poverty of execution is Mr. Gibson's own. In the first place, the fiery coursers and their empurpled grooms, which should be floating, are evidently falling. They do not tread the “element in which they work” as native—or even “subdued”—to it. The embodied “Hour” in front is obviously and with great difficulty holding up his horse,—which looks like a hobby-horse, and gravitates visibly earthward. The hind horse has evidently been “down;”—it must have taken more falls than one so to dislocate a limb—as in the case of one which it displays. In fact, the treatment is everywhere poor: and such horses as these altogether have been nowhere else seen save at the toy-maker's. Contorted limbs, impossible mouths, and wooden necks characterize Mr. Gibson's version of the Coursers of the Sun. A sculptor in Venice who had never seen a horse,—and guessed at the animal only, as he might at the Chimaera—could have done no worse. From Rome and from Mr. Gibson we were entitled to expect something greatly better.

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The scene is rendered with great truth and eloquence. The crowds on the path of the triumphant Bolingbroke are in motion,—and the contrast is excellently presented between his bold and ambitious bearing and the dejected air and attitude of the unfortunate monarch in presence of the popular

rebuke and visibly under the shadow of his coming doom. The latter rides here like a captive in the train of his conqueror. All this is told in lines of great and various beauty. The composition is at once spirited and graceful.

FINE-ART GOSIP.—Some more efficient controlling power, or some better recognized standard of merit, is necessary for the admission of works to the valuable space yet left on the walls of our National Art Gallery. We will not insist on the inconsistency involved in the fact, that space which could not be found for the first-rate modern productions given by the late Mr. Vernon is readily ceded to indifferent pictures the gifts of men who have their names thus cheaply chronicled to posterity; but we must point out that some very indifferent works do at this moment occupy space which, if the cost of the erection of the gallery be computed, might be reckoned at no small amount of guineas per foot. The spurious Holbeins—the indifferent Guidos—and little Dutch pictures unimportant in the formation of a great gallery,—have cost more than their worth, and now occupy room that can ill be afforded. To this class of pictures have just been added two, which, if received at all, should have been placed in a position less calculated to give erroneous impressions of their worth. A great gallery should be the teacher of the public mind,—and every work admitted into it should occupy just that locality to which its comparative merit entitles it. Had such an arrangement been observed, “The Dead Christ between the two Angels”—attributed to G. A. Razzi, and presented by Mr. Edmund Higgins—would have been found at the foot of the stairs; and ‘The Adoration of the Kings’—ascribed to Baldassare Peruzzi, and presented by Col. W. C. Trevelyan—would have been placed by the side of its cartoon at the head of the same stairs, where it has been since it was presented some years since by Lord Ellesmere.—Without some improved system on the part of the Trustees, or more efficient advice and intelligence on the part of the keeper, the National Gallery may degenerate into a collection of Wardour-street-looking curiosities like the so-called Peruzzi or the poor and unmeaning commonplace baptised by Razzi. Whether the first of these pictures is or is not from the hands of Peruzzi we will not take upon ourselves to determine. The page of Vasari on the subject runs thus:—“Fee al conte Gio. Battista sopradetto un disegno d' una Natività con i Magi di chiaroscuro, nella quale è cosa maravigliosa vedere i cavalli, i carriaggi, le coste dei tre condotti con bellissima grazia, siccome anche sono le muraglie con tempi ed alcuni casamenti intorno alla capanna; la quale opera fece poi colorire il conte da Girolamo Trevigi, che la condusse a buona perfezione.” Now this Girolamo Trevigi was at once a painter and a military architect; and in the latter capacity we learn from Ridolfi that he lost his life in Picardy when engaged in the English and French wars in 1544. Ridolfi acquaints us also that he painted with much delicacy, and sought to follow the style of Raffaelle; and cites a picture by him of ‘San Jacopo,’ in Sain Salvador, at Venice, in imitation of the ‘Sta. Cecilia’ of Raffaelle, and many other works. There are considerable variations in the composition of the picture from the cartoon or design of which Vasari speaks,—and which is supposed to be that given by Lord Ellesmere to the National Gallery: but the foregoing statements made by these authors may not be unacceptable to our readers,—and they will form their own opinions as to the correctness of the attribution.

We must correct an error which crept into our columns last week when we stated that Mr. Baily's Bust of the late Francis Baily had been presented to the Astronomical Society by the sculptor. Our readers already know from our report of the proceedings of that body at the time that the bust was the gift of Miss Baily, the sister of the original. We are to have a bronze statue of Lord George Bentinck set up in Cavendish Square, over against Harcourt House, the residence of his father, the Duke of Portland. We have had so many bad portrait-statues of late years, that we are somewhat anxious about the appearance which the new statue will make. Cavendish Square already contains an equestrian figure of the Duke of Cumberland, the so-called hero of Culloden,—the particular statue on

which Sir Joshua Reynolds is so properly severe in one of his Discourses; we should therefore be sorry to see a second disgrace to Art erected in the same locality. The committee intrusted with the subscription have selected six artists to compete (so it is said),—and we have heard the six named. We shall look to the proceedings of this committee with particular interest. We have had too many Art jobs already, and too many bronze and marble statues to commemorate them, without adding any more to their number.

Mr. Cotterill has exhibited his usual skill in the design and execution of the Emperor of Russia's magnificent silver vase to be run for at Ascot during the present season. The subject selected is the Death of Hippolytus: a terrestrial kind of Phaeton, whose fate has allowed the introduction of frantic horses, fearful sea-monsters, and jagged rocks, so peculiarly suited to the skill of the modeller. Mr. Cotterill has here shown a nice feeling of the beautiful in Art—with much careful execution and dexterous grouping. Nor has he been less successful or ingenious in the Queen's Cup for Ascot, representing a Spanish Bull Fight,—nor in the Goodwood Cup for the present year, representing the Sioux Indians hunting the bisons on the Prairie of North America. Bulls and bisons are clumsy animals compared to horses and lions:—but Mr. Cotterill has contended successfully with his difficulties, and has caught the proper character and texture of those represented.—The vase and the two cups are on view at Messrs. Garrards in the Haymarket—and will repay a visit.

A very mixed, and in many respects very poor, collection of pictures of the English school was sold during the present week by Messrs. Christie & Manson. ‘Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows,’ by the late Mr. Constable, brought 410 guineas; and ‘Dedham, from the Towing Path,’ by the same thoroughly English artist, 150 guineas. The ‘Salisbury’ is called ‘the celebrated work’ of its painter; but, if we mistake not, we have seen a better picture by Constable of Salisbury from a different point of view. Time has done something to these pictures,—but not much. The flakes of white and patches of green still predominate, but not so unpleasantly as when first laid on: so that years may yet mellow the whole to one consistent harmony, and realize the expectations of the painter—which many still continue to deem absurd. A clever picture by the late Mr. Collins, of ‘The Disposal of a Favourite Lamb,’ was bought in:—as was a group of Nymphs, of the size of life, by Mr. Stothard. The ‘Collins’ was painted in 1813,—and sold at the time to a Mr. Ogden, for 140 guineas. The principal nymph in the group by Stothard has been, we believe, more than once engraved,—and is very elegant.

We are informed that the committee of the Hyde Park Exhibition have granted free admission to their gallery to the students of the Government School of Design:—an example worth pointing out to the other Art-Exhibitions in the metropolis.

A correspondent writes to us as follows.—“Although the designs for the Royal Arch to be erected at Dundee in commemoration of Her Majesty's landing there in 1844 were sent in in the middle of February, the competition is not yet terminated. It was, indeed, announced a few weeks afterwards that a design by Mr. J. T. Roughhead, of Glasgow,—said to be in the Norman style,—had been selected; but the others were not returned, nor could the architects who applied for their drawings,—as some did more than once—obtain either them or an answer to account for their being detained. At last, a printed circular has been sent informing them that it is doubtful whether the design first selected will be adopted; its being so depending upon whether it can be executed for the sum proposed. What is equally strange, is that those designs should not be returned which have no chance of being selected; as must no doubt be the case with all but a few which in the opinion of the committee stood next in merit to Mr. Roughhead's. Besides being rather coolly informed, not that their designs will be sent back in due course, but that they must apply for them again when the time for doing

so, shall be notified by advertisement in the *Builder*,—the competitors are in the meanwhile left severely under the impression that they have still a chance.

Arrangements have, we understand, just been entered into by the Commissioners of Fine Arts for the decoration of the refreshment-room of the new House of Lords; and Messrs. Stanfield, David Roberts, and Edwin Landseer, the artists selected, are on the eve of concluding as to the nature and treatment of the subjects to be confided to them.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

On MONDAY next, June 4, HERCERNST will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT, with full Orchestra, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and in the course of the evening will perform on the Violin the following pieces composed by him:—Grand Allegro Pathétique;—Allegro Valse;—Rondo;—Presto;—and his Fantasy sur Il Pirata. Principal Vocalists: Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, Miss Dolby, and Herr Pischek. Instrumentalists: Herr Hallé; Pianoforte; Conductor, Mr. Benedict; Leader, Mr. Willis. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, may be obtained at the principal Musicians; Reserved Seats, One Guinea, to be had only of Messrs. Cramer & Co., and Messrs. C. & R. Oliver.

THE MACREADY RIOTS IN NEW YORK.

The means taken by Mr. Forrest and "his sympathisers" in pursuance of their determination to drive Mr. Macready from the American stage have succeeded to their hearts' content: may more, have produced certain last scenes—if they be the last—which can hardly have been contemplated when the drama was originally planned. While the *Spartacus* of the New World was delivering himself of his coarse paper invectives, while his myrmidons "the Bowery boys" were organizing their discharges of pillory missiles, we presume they can scarcely have looked to such an issue as the loss of sixteen or twenty lives in the streets of New York. We will not, however, undertake to say at what amount or kind of cost a man like Mr. Forrest may be willing to feed the Ogre of his own rancorous vanity.—The following, gathered from journals forwarded to us, is something like a sketch of the main events of the Macready riots in the order of their progress.

It would seem as if, after much "fending and proving" in the public prints—Mr. Forrest's accusation against Mr. Macready of having resorted to underhand practices in England being backed by "clenchers" from Mr. Wikoff, and contradicted by counter-statements from Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Fonblanque, Sir E. B. Lytton, and other English theatrical and literary persons,—a *coup de grace* was prepared for the English tragedian on the occasion of his farewell appearance at the Astor Place Theatre or Opera House of New York. This place of amusement, it should further be mentioned, is said to have been for some time unpopular among "the many," owing to high prices, dress regulations, &c., not to be endured in a land of freedom and fair-play. Accordingly, Mr. Macready's appearance there on Monday, May the 7th, was liberally attended by the Messrs. Lynch and their ladies. The males of the tribe treated the foreign artist to a shower of eggs, of assafteda phials (after the *Repealers' receipt*), and finally of household furniture,—chairs having been hurled on the stage! With this American species of "chairing" the performances came abruptly to a close:—and Mr. Macready signified to the management that he considered his engagement virtually annulled. Certain gentlemen of New York, however, among whom should be named Mr. Washington Irving—honourably ashamed of the stain which rested on their city for its treatment of an eminent stranger, who throughout the whole of this idle dispute has demeaned himself with great dignity,—wrote a letter to Mr. Macready, in compliance with the request of which he was induced to make a second appearance on Thursday evening, May the 10th. By this time the quarrel appears to have spread throughout a circle far wider than the original one of Mr. Forrest and his savages. Placards were posted up and down the city, calling upon Americans to decide whether "English Aristocrats (!)—a Foreign Ruler (!)!"—should triumph in America's metropolis: a part of the population became excited, —and the authorities found it necessary to provide against tumult and outbreak. The Opera House, which was crowded early, was surrounded by a numerous and feverish mob. The performance was soon interrupted; and the malcontents who were taken into custody attempted to set fire to the build-

ing by tearing up the wood-work of the room in which they were confined. Simultaneously with this savage experiment, the sympathisers without—by this time a large multitude—became more and more furious and daring. They attacked the building, threatening its destruction; and it became necessary for the town military and national guard to interpose. A collision then took place,—in which some twenty persons among the rioters were shot dead, and many more were wounded.—While these scenes were being acted outside the theatre, "a portion of the mob," says the *Weekly Herald*, "repaired to the New York Hotel, where they supposed Mr. Macready to have taken shelter, and commenced an attack." They were, however, repulsed thence by the proprietor.

To conclude the narrative, it is added that Mr. Macready escaped from New York, in disguise, for Boston, at three o'clock on the morning after the outrage:—and he is now, we trust, on his way to this country. He has had a most narrow escape from the Land of Liberty: Mr. Forrest having nearly succeeded in taking the life of his supposed rival. The champion of American drama has slaughtered a hecatomb of his countrymen in the attempt to ensure sole possession of his throne:—for, whatever elements may have subsequently entered into the quarrel, on Mr. Forrest's head rests the original sin of the blood that has been shed. To our English notions, America pays too dearly for her great Actor!

We cannot record the story of these utterly miserable and disgraceful occurrences without a further word or two of comment. These, it is needless to say, have no concern with the local feuds and grievances which may have grown upon the original quarrel. The social and semi-political animosities that led to bloodshed are matters beyond the scope of the *Athenæum* till they shall figure in history. Our business is with the question as one of Art. The American papers, we are glad to say, have for the most and best part taken an honourable position throughout the whole of this shameful quarrel—refusing all sympathy to the unfounded attack upon "the stranger within their gates."—But granting even that any or every word of Mr. Forrest's stupid story had been proved true—supposing his grievance a real one—he may congratulate himself on having "bettered the instruction" of his enemies in the most approved fashion of *Shylock*—on having repaid Mr. Macready's "hypocrisy," "jealousy," "corruption of the press," with a ferocious malignity—a use of "bludgeon and petronel"—happily rare in theatre or in bear-garden.—The missals of Monday the 7th—which we are assured by certain of the New York press in Mr. Forrest's interest were meant *not* to hit Mr. Macready, but merely to terrify him back to his own *penates*, have struck, their contrivers may be assured, the right person.—The oration befooled Mr. Forrest himself—the chair cracked his own pinchbeck crown—the assafetida scent will cling to his gladiator's robes, past cleansing, so long as the stage shall be a stage.—But while we record this inevitable issue of such vulgar frenzy, let us not be mistaken. Our "special wonder" therupon is not confined to the bully himself and his "boys." Those who hope to breed certain hatreds out of like outrages must be reminded that, fortunately—and unfortunately—such unrehearsed tragedies are not exclusively American. We must recall to them the proceedings of Cowell and his crew at Drury Lane last year,—how also the "galant Frenchman" threw, to the glory of his own stage, to Mdlle. Mars, a funeral chapter, by way of explaining to her that a coffin was her proper place—that courageous Italian noblemen think it no shame to bairn from the stage of their *La Scala* the miserable *prima donna* who cannot succeed there, or the recusant one with whom they fail to succeed.—The real moral of such misbehaviour is neither anti-American, nor anti-Gallican, nor anti-Milanese: it is a general and abiding shame and sorrow, that Art, whose pretext it is to elevate the tone of "the masses," should do so little to raise even persons professing refinement above the coarsest savagery when personal interests intrude.—Here is matter sad enough for the most indefatigable moralist or reformer to grapple with.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Sixth Concert commenced with Beethoven's cheerful Symphony in c major. In the first part, Miss Kate Loder

played Mendelssohn's *Serenade and Allegro Giocoso*. Her reading was good; but her hand is hardly strong enough to deal with one of the most tiresome pieces of brilliancy extant. The act closed with the Overture to "Leone," which was encored. Act the second opened with Mendelssohn's Third Symphony, —in which the adagio was also given twice. Both times it was played too rapidly,—such super-animation impairing the playfulness of the movement by destroying the clearness of response in the parts. The slow movement went beautifully, and seemed to be more relaxed than on former occasions. The entire work, indeed, is growing in Philharmonic favour;—being one of the very few orchestral compositions of its scale which can be alternated with Beethoven's Symphonies without the inferiority being immediately felt. The score has that completeness, *fineness* of combination, soundness of science, and liveliness of fancy which yield new beauties with each new hearing. Here the interest of the concert ended. The singers were Mdlle. de Treffz—who gave Mozart's "Dich vinyl" and Meyerbeer's "Robert, ton que j'aime," steadily and with purity of tone, but without vocal elegance—and M. Wartel. The latter, too, seems to be endured, cleared the room. He had selected the sixth of Beethoven's Sacred Songs, transposed a tone lower, which he claimed in a most lugubrious fashion.—Later, he favoured us with the "Ave Maria" of Schubert. Why did he not prefer one of Rossini's melodies written for *Ellen of the Lake*? These usurpations ought not to be permitted at a concert calling itself classical. The Philharmonic Directors have this year been unfortunate in their foreign singers,—the vocal portion of the recent concerts being, at best, mediocre. The overture to Spohr's "Alchymist" had been rehearsed by way of final piece; but, in its place, Chernoff's "Les Deux Journées" was performed to "play the congregation out."—There was no *solo* in the second act. We hear that an engagement was offered to Herr Joachim to perform Mendelssohn's violin Concerto, and declined by him on the score of the place in the programme allotted to the work. We emphasize the reason,—since we are convinced that personal vain-glory has small share in any matter where the young violinist is concerned. Further, we should be right glad to see our concerts by ordinance shortened, more especially if the time economised might be given to rehearsal. But, as the usages of the Philharmonic Society stand, we hold Herr Joachim's refusal to be a mistake. So far as we recollect, the violin Concerto has year after year been as often played in the second as in the first act; and thus (even with regard to Mendelssohn's fame by way of reason), Herr Joachim is in an error to have made a condition of a point which was conceded, no later than the preceding concert, by no younger an artist than Herr Molique playing his own compositions. The result is, that the subscribers may lose the opportunity of hearing a masterpiece by a favourite author for the first time properly performed.—Questions like the above, however, have many sides; and we cannot quit the subject without an animadversion also upon old-established Philharmonic formalities—directed, let us insist, against principles, not persons. The Directors are bound to give the most interesting instrumental concert in their power; and not, we submit, to exhibit in routine a chosen number of resident players year after year. By the latter course, variety must be sacrificed and excellence deprived of a hearing. This season (to give an instance) we are informed that we may fail of hearing Herr Hallé, the best and most brilliant player of classical music in England—merely because "the table's full." It is futile to appeal to rights prescriptive and established usages, in cases like these. Move the world will: and unless statutes of exclusion can be mitigated or repealed, they will be settled, where the Philharmonic Directors would least desire the settlement to take place—namely, in Exeter Hall! Old Sarum can no more be endured in Art than in Politics. There must also be a revision of the Philharmonic orchestra in the matter of certain wind instruments, which are habitually weak, unsteady, and coarse, to a point at which "Patience bolts."

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CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—That the truths which for some dozen years past we have been propounding seem at last coming into general acceptance, is indicated by the obvious attempts of the benefit concert givers to impart variety to their entertainments.—*Mrs. Anderson*, for instance, did not rely exclusively upon her own careful performance of Hummel's *concerto* in A minor and Ries's *fantasia* on Swedish melodies, nor upon the now rare attraction of Madame Grisi, Mdlle. Angri and other of the opera singers,—but her concert opened with Mendelssohn's spirited and excellent Overture to 'Bay Blas.' This was only once tried by the Philharmonic orchestra: but henceforth it can hardly fail to be demanded again and again,—since, though not equal in scale to the other five grand overtures by the master (counting the prelude to 'Athalie') as regards science, colour, and freshness, it is excellent and interesting. A line is claimed in commemoration of a duet *fantasia* for violin and violoncello, by M. Sainton and Signor Piatti,—another, to notify that Signor Bottesini, who turns the double-bass into "a flower's late" by his prodigious manipulation of that instrument, had a part in the programme. Nor must we forget that Madame Dorus-Gras sang with revived freshness of voice and more brilliancy than ever,—that Mdlle. Angri appears improving in composure under the influence of the good opera-company which she is keeping in London,—and that, after her performance in 'Les Huguenots' on the preceding evening, the limpid sweetness of Madame Grisi's tones were marvellous. She must have dinned them in *Medea's* cauldron!

The week betwixt race and race—Epsom and Ascot—full of agitation and un-settlement as it is for sporting folk, is fuller of excitement for those who give concerts. On Monday, Madame Puzzi received her *clientelle* in the dimly dilapidated concert-room of *Her Majesty's Theatre*. Unless plaster, paint, and paper be shortly applied to its walls, the only fitting music to be performed there will be that sepulchral song,

The owl is abroad,
The bat the toad,
And so is the catamountain.

We have elsewhere reported upon almost every person and piece of music appertaining to this concert—which was mainly made up of Mr. Lumley's corps, including the powerful vocal attraction of Mdlle. Albion.

The meeting of the *Musical Union* on Tuesday was a memorable one. Often as Mendelssohn's first Pianoforte Trio is now played, we have never heard it given as a whole with such perfection as by Herr Ernst, Herr Halle, and Signor Piatti,—nor the principal part (that of the Pianoforte) approached in style and execution, save when the composer himself was at the instrument. The third Razumouffsky Quartett of Beethoven, too, was wondrously played; justifying to the fullest our impression that at whatever figure rated the comparative enchantments of the solo violinists, as a performer of the noblest chamber music quartet has been heard in England comparable to Herr Ernst. As much elasticity as power, as much fancy as science, as much expression as temperance go to make up the charm; which, therefore, inevitably increases upon repetition.—On Tuesday evening, *Herr Schulhoff* presented himself to a closely-packed audience. He is decidedly one of the most pleasing among the new pianoforte players,—with something of his own in addition to that elegance and delicacy which should be (yet no longer is) every pianist's property; but, so far as we know his new compositions, he has not made the progress which we had hoped for, and composition is now the main thing to be looked to alike by critic and by executant.

But of all the busy days in all remembered weeks possibly Wednesday was the busiest:—comprising a monster concert at the *Royal Italian Opera House* in the morning and a *Wednesday Concert* at Exeter Hall in the evening; the former including the pianism of Herr Dreyfuschock, who has gained (could such a thing be!) in executive power,—the latter a *fantasia* on 'La Figlia' by Thalberg.—The two meetings, let us add, were on such a scale that the sounds of one could hardly be out of the *fanatico's* ears ere those of the other must needs be received therein. Rivalry, it would seem, redounds to the advantage of good music,—since Mr. Stammers announces that

the first part of his next *Wednesday Concert* is to comprise Mendelssohn's 'Antigone' choruses. But the above meetings were by no means all the concert-music of Wednesday.—In the morning, too, was given *Mdlle. Coulon's Concert*. The most interesting feature of its programme was a Pianoforte Quintett, by Mr. Rousselot,—described as having been composed for the occasion. Nevertheless, memory, often importunate, tempts us to ask whether the work be not rather one of the composer's *trios* re-arranged? Its subjects and its passages seemed familiar to us, Mdlle. Coulon is already a distinguished pianist of the vigorous and brilliant school. Her certainty and steadiness are excellent:—she has now only to add elasticity and relief. Among the singers were Mdlle. Nissen and Mdlle. Nau; also a pupil of Mrs. Shaw, Miss Deakin, whose singing indicated a rich soprano voice under good training.—In the evening of the same day the chamber concert of *Herr und Mdlle. Goffrie* was held.

Miss Messent on Thursday morning treated her friends to much pleasant singing—contributed by herself, Mdlle. Nissen (who is now one of the most accomplished foreign concert *soprani* attainable), Miss Lucombe, Herr Pischeck and others. Signor Piatti was among the instrumentalists.—Yesterday, Mr. C. Salaman gave his Concert for the benefit of the *Congressional Institution*: performing on the occasion Mendelssohn's second *Concerto*, Weber's *Concert Stück*, also three minor pieces of his own composition with *Della-Cruscan* Italian titles.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Better singing (its physical conditions accepted) can hardly be offered to the ear than Mdlle. Albion's in 'La Gazza Ladra'—a less brilliant opera has rarely been heard than that work as transposed to suit Mr. Lumley's singers. We do not complain merely of the alteration in the lady's recitations, though this paralyzes much of the power and passion of the opera—nor of the inevitable flattening of such bursts as 'Benché sola,' in the *terzetto* 'O nome,' not to be compensated for even by singing as charming as the new *Ninetta's*. We do not ascribe the languor merely to the fact that Mdlle. Albion can act a cheery song capitally, but cannot, with her best will, act the part of the luckless peasant-girl,—contenting herself therein with a few gestures and one or two points. The lustre of other portions of the opera is dimmed. The *Podesta's* 'Il mio piano' is now let down a tone, and also *Giauetto's aria*; and hence from the fact of his singing his part as written (added to his impassioned and striking performance), Signor Coletti is really this year the prominent feature of 'La Gazza,'—and not his stage-daughter, nor her lover, nor the wicked magistrate. We have not as yet spoken of Signor Calzolari; who is as welcome as any tenor having execution must be coming after pretenders of the Fraschini and Bordas family, who can bawl, "and there's an end on 't." His voice is sufficient in power; and like all tutored voices, tells for its utmost worth,—in its compass and in quality bearing a close affinity to Signor Gardoni's, though less *simpatico*, as the Italians have it. To the actor, the part of *Giaetto* affords little scope. What was done by Signor Calzolari, however, betokened that feeling for the stage—not merely for the *encore*—which is less constant than it should be among tenors. We are disposed to expect from Signor Calzolari the best *Rodrigo*, in 'Otello,' that our opera has seen. *Her Majesty's Theatre*, as was recently said, has now good *solo matériel*,—yet never for fifteen years past were its performances so deficient as a whole. The introduction to 'La Gazza' (so far as it can be heard) gets but a little way beyond the merit of barn-execution. We trust that 'Don Giovanni,' which was given on Thursday, will prove to have been better prepared.

DRURY LANE.—*German Opera.*—Since the days of Handel—a German bass-singer" has always figured, more or less, among musical specialties. During the last dozen years we have successively entertained Pöck, Staudigl and Pischeck. We hope that Herr Formes will not prove

Like a brotherless hermit, the last of his race,—but assuredly he is almost, if not altogether, the best who has appeared in our time. We do not remember so grand a voice as his save from Lablache. Betwixt *s* and *z* above the line, its tones possess

nearly Lablache's power and genial mellowness; while the octave downward is little less sound and sonorous,—clear of yawn or growl,—such a voice, in short, as needs but be heard for its owner to create the utmost effect. Further, Herr Formes appears to have tempered his magnificent gifts with musical skill which implies moderation and polish. In the part of *Sarastro* his delivery is large and dignified without being ponderous,—and his expression deep without caricature. His demeanour, too, is noble and impressive. It is long, in fact, since we have been more struck by a new comer. We shall watch Herr Formes with interest as an acquisition of the greatest possible value,—and meanwhile welcome him cordially as one of whom the world can hardly fail to hear more. Being disposed to lighten our labours by quotation, we must add that in 'Die Zauberflöte' this striking *basso* towers like

A column on a melancholy waste.

More cruel wrong could hardly be done by a German party to the opera of operas which demands the completest musical *vindication* to carry off the inanity (or deep meaning is it? ye aesthetics say) of its *libretto*. To apply the consolations of the Dowager-Duchess to Hannah More *apropos* of a relative's *mésalliance*—tis a real blessing to the elderly *Tamino*—to the *Queen of Night* with her excruciating little squeaks for *altissimo* notes—to the three genii,—to *Monostatos*—and to one or two others,—that they are not called "Smith or Jones or anything as shocking!"—in other words, that they are not English!—*Pamina* and *Papagena* are more presentable, and the chorus is good. But the orchestra is miserable—the *ensemble* is coarse and slovenly: and were such an execration perpetrated *auspice* Mesar, Lumley, Bunn or Maddox, the public would be in a passion and the press in fits.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Albeit a "Queen in a passion" not with, but for a dear loyal subject, whom she crowns with her hand, after his love and her pride have been sufficiently tested,—is by no means the newest subject for a comic opera that could be cited, yet few neophytes in musical composition have been indulged with a *libretto* in quality more tempting than the drama entitled 'Ne touchez pas à la Reine' intrusted to M. Boisselot.—Mdlle. Charton is a young sovereign secretly beloved by a poor gentleman, her subject *Don Fernando* (M. Couderc), and carefully watched by a *Regent* (M. Zelger), who does not wish his Regency to end in her independence. Fortunately, however, the court which the latter pays to *Estrella* (Madame Guichard) a jeweller's wife, exposes him to severe reprisals. There was a law in (*Opera*) Spain ordaining that any one found guilty of touching the sacred person of the Queen should die,—unless he were pardoned by the King. Now, Don Fernando gets placed in *pericula mortis* by stealing a salute from the Royal lips at a moment when Her Majesty chooses to seem asleep in a garden. The dilemma is great,—but what cannot a tender-hearted Queen accomplish provided she possesses only the average woman's wit? Aided by *Estrella*, she contrives that her hand shall be subsequently kissed (for *Estrella's*) by the gallant *Regent*—thus putting him, too, under terror of the statute. The Law above every other power!—excepting Love, who proves himself stronger than Law. If the King can pardon, why then, Don Fernando must be made King,—with the abject consent of the conscious *Regent*:—"and so ends the tale." It might have been thought that a comedy so piquant as this contained within itself an inspiration for any countryman of Hérold and Auber:—not so, however. M. Boisselot has treated the story in a fashion grim rather than playful. He seems to have mistaken the style of music demanded and to have attempted a more cumbersome and pretentious manner than is graceful or befitting. His melody is poor: and he tries to disguise its poverty by forced essays at breadth of outline and pomposity of contour,—by curiosities, too, of instrumentation which even if they clothed graceful ideas would merely distract the ear, while, as dressing up far-fetched and pointless phrases their aimless eccentricity strikes the listener with a double force. In short, even as Duprez in his prime was the cause of ruin to half a hundred French tenor singers, we fear that Meyerbeer cannot be absolved from mischief done to young French composers—M. Boisselot for the present ranking among the num-

ber. But his opera is charmingly played and sung. Mdlle. Charton appears to have thriven upon her London popularity, and to have improved in steadiness, power and facility as a vocalist since she arrived here. M. Couderc is the very "pink" of sentimental lovers. M. Zelger is a portentous *basso*, not however too noisy for his theatre:—while Madame Guichard and M. Soyer (her husband *Maximus*) fill the other parts gaily. "La Part du Diable," the only one among Auber's recent operas which can be called "*ennuyeux*," was produced on Wednesday for the benefit of M. Couderc. Our epithet must be accepted for criticism.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The present was the last week of the season at this theatre,—which finally closed on Wednesday with the tragedy of "Virginius." On Monday was revived Monk Lewis's once celebrated "Castle Spectre,"—which on the London boards is now again indeed a novelty. As the most perfect thing of its kind, it claims consideration. The author was largely indebted to Schiller's "Robbers" for the general conception and for much of his *materiel*. The terrible dream of Francis, in particular, has its counterpart in that of *Earl Omond* (Mr. Bennett),—and in delivery this proved on the present occasion to possess as appalling an effect as the most sanguine melo-dramatist could desire. But what is most significant in this tragic romance, is the constructive skill by means of which expectation is excited for the appearance of the spectre, and the awe which invests it when that expectation is realized. Next to this is the uniform cleverness of the situations:—that of the escape of *Earl Perry* (Mr. Dickenson) being the principal example. The modern dramatic poet of elevated aims may learn much from the variety, intensity and structure of this drama. The finest dialogue, apart from inventive grouping both of character and of situations, whatever may be the intrinsic interest of the story, will prove insufficient. The kind of stage skill here exhibited is to be acquired only by a long acquaintance with the acted drama, either as a critical spectator or as an accepted author. The actor seldom acquires it; the reason being, that his attention is in general so exclusively directed to his own part that he neglects to acquaint himself duly with the *ensemble*. Hence it is, that new plays selected by leading actors for production are commonly so deficient in those very stage arrangements which might be reasonably expected from their long experience of stage business. Of this truth the last production at this house, "Calynos," was a remarkable instance. The public in such cases ever proves itself wiser than the management:—and at the close of the season a word of friendly caution on this topic appears to us a hint of value.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC Gossip.—We are not given to calling attention to benefit concert programmes; but that of *Herr Ernst* to be given on Monday is so attractive as to claim an exception. Besides a liberal display of *Herr Ernst's* magnificent violin-playing in four grand *solas* and in a duett, *Herr Halle* will perform Mendelssohn's Concerto in *G* minor, and Mr. Bennett's overture to the "Wood Nymphs" will open the concert.

New foreign warblers who can—and who cannot—sing continue to "break out" day by day; threatening to convert London into a perfect aviary of "strange birds." There is room for all who pass real—and not counterfeit—notes: but the mediocrities must look to find a homeopathic allowance of crumbs,—be English courtesy to artists from the Continent ever so widely stretched. We may name among the recent arrivals Mdlle. Agnes Bühring, who appeared at Mrs. Anderson's Concert,—Mdlle. Issaurat, who is to appear as another of Mr. Maddox's *prime donne* "of passage,"—also, *Herr* (or *Signor* or *Monsieur*?) Stigelli, *Herr Dameke*, *Signor Teseo*, &c. &c. &c.—Neither are there wanting "wild fowl" in proportion to the tame ones, whom we do not pretend to enumerate.—The Hungarian dozen of vocalists is rivalled by a Styrian party; whose tunes and tones are very good (the latter including one bell-clear *falsetto* note)—and whose costume is calculated to make a sensation in May Fair.

It is with pleasure we see that Miss Catharine

Hayes is about to undertake the duties of an English classical concert singer: being announced to appear in "The Creation" and "The Seasons," as given by Mr. Surman's Society,—and also in the former work, when it is repeated by the *Sacred Harmonic Society*.

Our contemporaries record the performance of Luigi Ricci's "Disertore" at the *Princess's Theatre*, done into English *such as it is*. The extracts from the *libretto* quoted exceed in vulgar puerility even certain by-past rhymes and no-rhymes to which we have been accustomed to revert as the *ne plus ultra* of trash. In no case, we trust, could Ricci's music—the washiest of the washy—the most ungrammatical of the ungrammatical—find warm acceptance in England: but Mr. Maddox appears resolved to give his *maestro*, his management, and his singers no chance,—and by resolutely lowering the style of performance to destroy such *materiel* for English Opera as exists. That failure must befall his enterprise is no satisfaction for the ruinous and *depreciating* consequences attendant upon its conduct.

"Le Toreador," by M. Adam, a two-act opera of the merriest *buffo* quality, has been just given successfully at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris, with Madame Ugdalé-Baué for its heroine.—A new three-act fairytale, by MM. Scribe and St. Georges—set by M. Halevy—is in preparation for the same theatre. Madame Cabel has appeared there as successor to Mdlle. Lavoye, with good promise of future success.

We last week announced that the management of the Marylebone Theatre intended to produce the new play of the "Witch-Wife" on Monday last. Mrs. Movatt's serious indisposition is, we understand, the cause of its postponement.

MISCELLANEA

Railway Accidents.—*In. Sleight's Patent.*—We have seen the model of a most ingenious apparatus invented by Dr. Sleight as a means of preventing accidents on railroads. The nature of this invention may be best described in the words of Mr. Atkinson (agent for the patentee, who has published a short pamphlet on the subject):—"The first part of the invention consists in the application of oblique pressure to the rails by means of a short lever of the second order, acting on a toggle or hinge joint, similar to that used in the Stanhope printing-press, by means of which one person can, at will, command, instantly or gradually, a resisting force equal to many tons. Moreover, this is so constructed that the rails cannot be displaced or broken; for according to the principle of the revolution of force, a definite proportion of the force (depending upon the angle of the joint) will act at a right angle on the rails, holding them down; while a bar of iron only an inch square, called the guard, and which it would take 27 tons to tear asunder, protects them on the outside. Nor can the carriages be lifted off the rails by it; for the fulcrum of the lever will never have it on one-half the weight of the carriage, and that although 20 tons pressure be applied to the rails. It is proposed to attach this apparatus, which cannot cost more than about 10*l.* for each train, to the last carriage; for when a train is suddenly stopped by an impediment in front, it is the last carriage, retaining the momentum it had acquired (the front carriage being deprived of it), dashes on, smashing those in front; but when the last carriage is the first stopped, after the actual moving power is cut off, this can never occur." This invention does not entail the necessity of making any alteration in the rails or carriages, except the luggage one (to which the apparatus may be attached for a mere trifle), nor is it intended to supersede the use of the ordinary breaks on ordinary occasions; its great merit being that it adapted to do that which the means at present employed are incapable of accomplishing. As tested by the model, the invention is perfectly successful and extremely well adapted to the purpose to which it is designed; but its efficacy, when applied in its full force with the enormous power and speed of a train of carriages opposed to it, of course remains to be proved. The second part of the invention consists in placing a simple elastic strap (to be hooked or unhooked at pleasure) in front of the passengers, for the purpose

of preventing them from being dashed together against the sides of the carriages.—*Daily News*.

Fountains Abbey.—The excavations of the site of the Abbot's house at Fountains Abbey are proceeding very satisfactorily. A great space has been uncovered since the first notice of the discovery in the papers, and the rubbish that had accumulated all around in consequence of the excavations is now being rapidly removed. The arches on which the house has been built cover the river for nearly 300 feet; but how far the building has extended north and south is at present impossible to say, for it appears that the hill to the south has been cut away to a considerable extent, and there are, very likely, many curious remains now deeply buried in its shelving bank. The most interesting apartment recently brought to light is the private oratory of the Abbot, near the eastern portion of the remains. It has been an elegant little chapel, of a style of architecture different from any hitherto noticed at Fountains—viz., the enriched dog-toothed Early-English, and has been, no doubt, as Mr. Walbran, of Ripon, informs us, the work of an immediate successor of the three Johns, some time between 1245 and 1290. The stone altar is nearly perfect, and there remains the lower part of a small stone staircase in the north-east angle, the approach, very probably, of the officiating priest. The encaust tiles that are continually turned up are both numerous and interesting.—*Times*.

Theatrical Reform.—The following plan for the revival of the legitimate drama has been submitted by W. Wiliott, Esq. to the noblemen and gentlemen of the committee of the *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane*.—"Hitherto the working of this theatre has been to engage a host of *artistes*, so as to form separate companies in tragedy, comedy, opera, pantomime, and ballet. It is evident that a large number of them must be constantly useless, and a weekly drag upon the treasury. On the stage an enormous price has been paid to *name* instead of *talent*. A high charge for admission, and a wearisomely long performance have, I doubt not, kept hundreds from crossing your threshold. The hour for commencing the performance is not in accordance with the modern dinner hour. To see more than one actor in a certain character at the same theatre is now impossible; owing to the absurd, and to rising genius injurious, plan of engaging an individual to play first *business*; thereby constantly inflicting on the public the same reading, and offering no temptation to witness a play above once. Under this universal system of management, let a man possess what talent he may, a chance of exhibition is unobtainable, unless backed by influence, to which, of course, the strongest barrier yields. Ere theatres become sources of liberal remuneration to managers, which every one will readily agree they should be, taking into consideration the risk and harass inseparable from such an avocation, the *classification system of performances at different houses must be introduced*. My rule of management would be then as follows:—1. To appeal to the public to support the last grand attempt at reviving the national drama, and of rendering it one of the greatest sources of intellectual enjoyment to the people. 2. *Prices:* Boxes, 2*l.*; second circle, 4*s.*; upper circle, 3*s.*; pit, 2*s.*; gallery, 1*s.*; upper gallery, 6*d.*, and no half-price. 3. To commence at eight; giving one *play* only, got up in a style worthy of *Drury Lane Theatre*. 4. To have but one company, and in the selection to regard talent, and not a merely popular name. By this course the whole profession whether in London or the provinces would have a fair stage. 5. To discontinue the ruinous salaries now paid. 6. To engage actors for no specified rôle of character; but every one on the establishment to be servant, instead of, as is the custom, master. 7. Business to be awarded to suitable talent. 8. Rigid, but prudent, economy to preside over every department of the theatre. 2. To be ever open to give real talent a chance of displaying itself. By the above plan, it is my firm belief, you would not only realize your rent, but a large profit in addition: besides a lasting benefit on the profession, and bringing before the public talent which exists, but which is now discouraged."

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" We cordially thank Mr. Warburton for a highly acceptable contribution to historical biography. He has rescued an illustrious name from accidental and unmerited oblivion; he has further elucidated the annals of an eventful epoch in our national life; and he has likewise shown that the sentiments of partisanship almost inseparable from an enthusiastic temperament and warm sympathies are perfectly compatible with courtesy towards literary rivals, generosity and fairness towards political opponents, and a prevailing moderation and love of truth in all things."—*Morning Chronicle.*

RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street.
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